

studio. I'll feel like I've gotten something out of me.

WHEN YOU PERFORM, DO YOU TRY TO CONVEY ANYTHING TO THE AUDIENCE?

Amy: When I dance, it's mostly me who does all the feeling. I dance to get a good feeling inside of me. I don't expect the audience to get that though. I just want them to really like it; I don't think they could possibly feel what I do when I dance, except maybe if there are some dancers in the audience, or some kind of artist. They're probably the only people who are perceptive and sensitive enough to appreciate it. And to a person who doesn't know anything about dance, my dance will probably just look nice.

Lisa: Dance is in space and that's very important. Some choreographers feel they have to relate something that's an important statement and impress the audience. But other people feel dance is just movement in space and time. My dances don't have to say anything. They can just be a relationship between spaces.

HOW DO YOU GO ABOUT CHOREOGRAPHING YOUR DANCES?

Lisa: I started out working on my dance with no idea at all, and these ideas just popped into my head. I'd gotten a really fantastic letter which helped me a lot with my dance. I decided to use all these things like the bubble and the parachute. I would think, "Wouldn't it be nice if I had someone sweeping all the dancers off stage?" And the thread I used in the dance---this thread came from the way I was feeling one day. At one point I was really disorganized. I finally decided what had to keep the dance together was the spirit of it. And the Handel music was just the spirit that I wanted.

Amy: I really can't choreograph a dance. I can fake it very well. I just kind of respond to music and out of that comes something.

WHAT IS IT, THEN, THAT MAKES DANCE SPECIAL, A FORM UNTO ITSELF?

Stanley: Dance is an art form that requires that you do an action; dance is very much an action. Someone has to view it and experience it in order to understand it. Yes,

you can conceptualize and intellectualize, but I think the intellectual concept of dance, and the process of dance as it is done, the act of doing, are substantially different from each other.

Lisa: You can't learn about dance from words. You can learn about poetry from words maybe and you can learn about poetry from poetry.

Amy: But you can't learn about dance. That's all I'm going to tell you. The only way you can learn about dance is by just doing it.

Glenn Kolleeny





There is a standard type of music department at most summer camps. Its sole purpose is to take up time in between other activities. The music program usually consists of teaching and singing folksongs at meals and working on musical comedies. The standard motto at these camps (especially in rainy seasons) is: "If you have nothing to do, do music."

Raffael Adler, director of the Buck's Rock music department, feels that Buck's Rock offers something better: "The facilities for a great music department are here. The beautiful music shed, surrounded by trees, is certainly inspiring. The staff went all out to enrich the program. They added new dimensions to the department (recorder ensembles and a chamber orchestra) and helped make our nine concerts a success."

The programs of these concerts centered around works

"For Better Musicianship"

written between 1700 and 1900, although some Renaissance- and modern music was performed. Raffael feels that "this must be changed, for it deprives the young musician of the opportunity to acquaint himself with the music of his own time---a must, if one wants to maintain the spirit of Buck's Rock."

Among the works played by the orchestra were selections by Bach, Beethoven, and Haydn, and a contemporary piece by Alan Hovanes. Handel's "Water Music" was one of the better-known works played. The chorus, led by Mattie Banzhaf, performed, along with the concert band, excerpts from "Carmina Burana" by Carl Orff. A program on Bach's "Art of Fugue," featuring performances and explanations of the music, was presented by Danny Shulman, and an evening of madrigal and recorder music was presented by Nancy Dols and Mattie Banzhaf.

One of the challenges faced by the music department is to attract campers to music making, and to make it palatable enough so that campers will be willing to endure long rehearsal hours that could be spent on other projects. Raffael thinks that they have succeeded in doing that by varying the kinds of music, and by choosing music that most of the campers enjoy playing.

The music performed depends largely on the number of "musical" campers enrolled. It also depends on how many campers are willing to make the "extra effort" to produce a worthwhile concert. But the main factor is the ability of the camper to play his music: The staff of the music department finds that its greatest challenge is in working with a combination of many youngsters at various stages of development with varying degrees of talent and experience.

At the beginning of the summer it was thought that it would be impossible to have an orchestra. This raised the question of whether or not an orchestra was really necessary. Why not just have chamber music? Raffael's answer was that an orchestra was very important. "An orchestra makes for better musicianship. It brings various young musicians together and makes them learn to appreciate each other. It makes them realize that

performing in a group is more difficult because of the complexity of the orchestra and the interdependence of the instruments."

Raffael feels that chamber music is important too, but that at this stage most campers are not up to it. He says that since chamber music must be performed on a professional level we will have to attract outstanding young musicians to the music department. He foresees the possibility of attracting such musicians and having them also perform as soloists with the Buck's Rock orchestra.

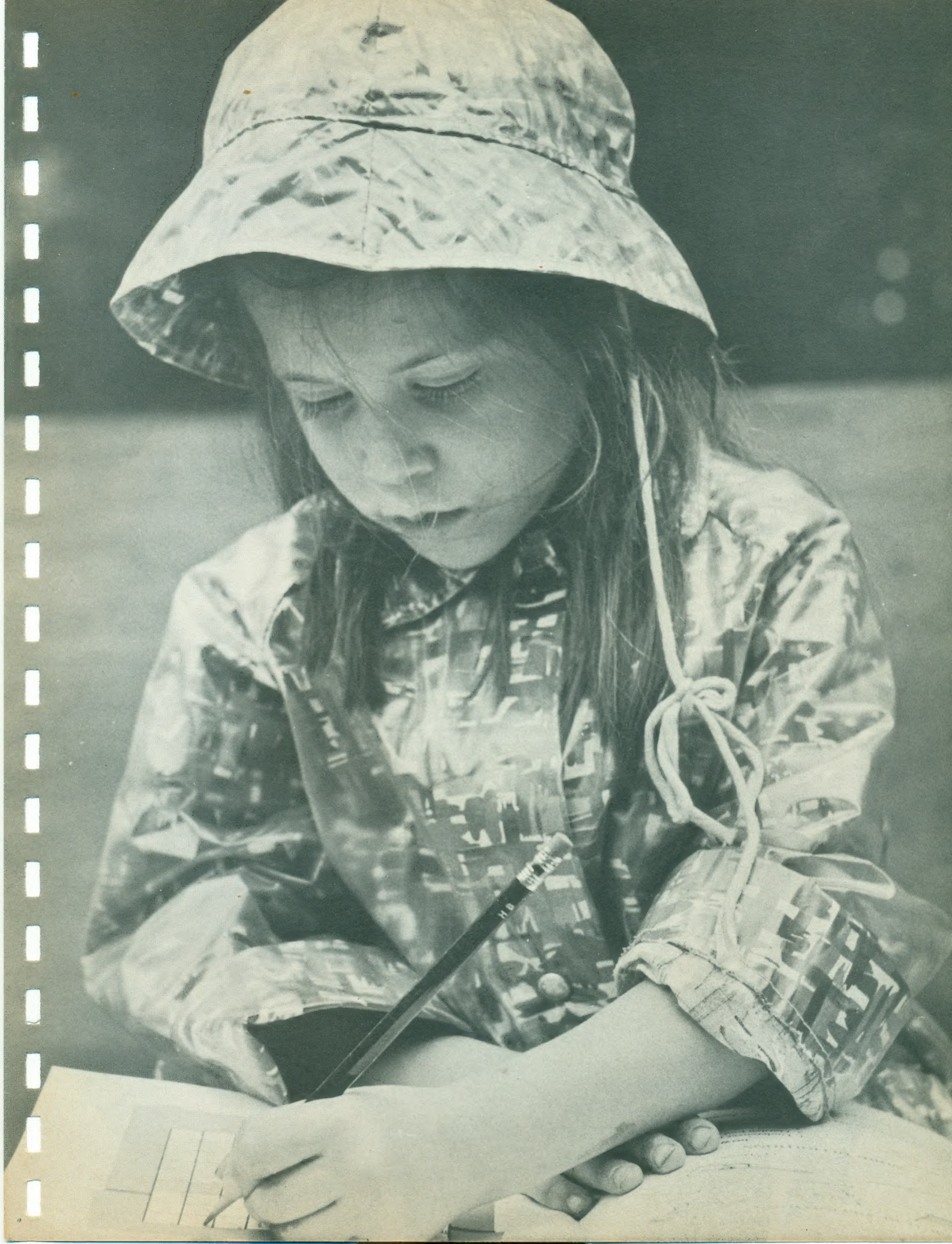
Raffael admits that although the going was a bit rough in this, his first summer at Buck's Rock, he became impressed by the atmosphere of work, initiative, and independence here. As he says to the participants in the music department, "We might not sound as good as the New York Philharmonic, but we definitely have more fun doing it."

Carol Miller



flies of tears and blown pages
of a weary diary
fly around and around
in an unset pat
tern

yet in the honey or glass
that gloams on the computer eyes
are images and thoughts
worn and warped; unfelt, suffered
lives into death: to bed in hell





Please Tell Me Where the Clever Goes

My self-confessing plaintive poems
whose 'I' repeats a hundred times
are not directives like you write.
I remember very well,
yet cannot think of the modifying times
that threw you to some pages to
sit and write a poem.
You write with a flashlight late at night.
It's those rhymes that go on to die
as puns
those jokes that should explode
that always make me look up and ask:
How do you keep them off the page?
Just tell me so a million times.
To remember and decide:
I once told you to be glad
I said smile
I said scratch
I said smile
I said be kind
I said decide
I said clap hands
I said nothing and thought that I was
silent, mythic as the sea,
telling you I smiled and was glad.
But anyway, I wanted nothing,
was happy, wrote poems,
did nothing,
and watched the small I grow.

Susan Mernit

Visions

The blue between the trees--
Abstract cerulean
Sluggishly cemented mint.

The neon of bodies
In a vat of chocolate and salt
And narrowing eyes.

Visions of green and fire:
Sweetscented grass.

Suzanne Kirschner

Dawn

The night
Velled in black smoke and fragrant rain
Dark passionate dreams
Ripe for flight.

Air
Ice chilled
Disintegrates to dawn.

The sky screams
Moves unwilling to willing
And floats upon the bright ray of
A soft and singing dying birth.

And then the yellow glare weighs upon
The Sun
The spell is broken, gray is gone
Stars and early light
Outdanced by day
To rest or die for other stolen times.

Suzanne Kirschner

Road

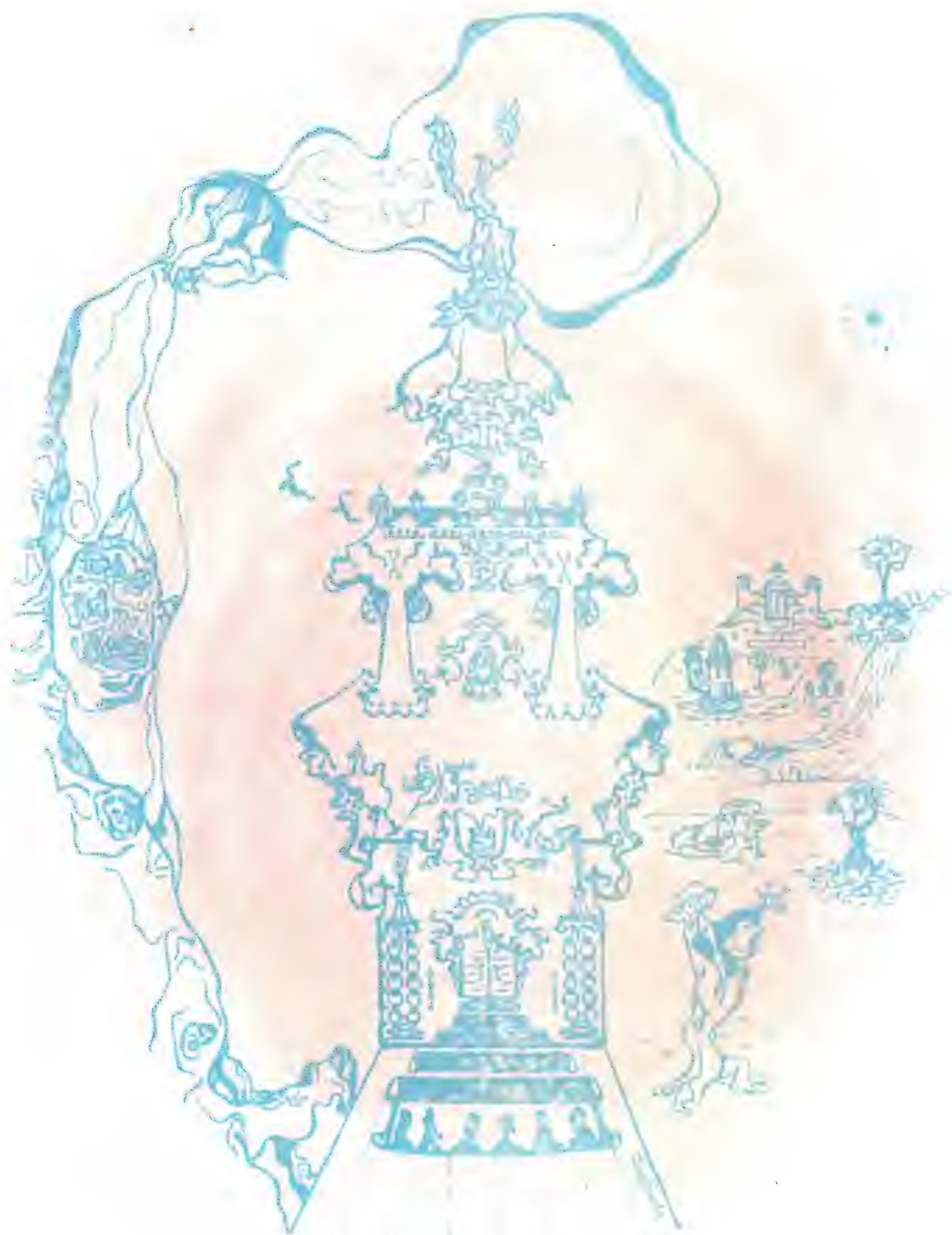
The road is smooth and warm and ugly
It tries to capture my mind
with hypnotic broken lines
but my eyes turn again
to the many trees
flanking me, the many trees.

Off in the distance the sun shines
on the point where I must
tightrope the curb
Everyday, I think,
it is growing higher
but I wait...

I look forward, unconcerned, with which side
I get off on---or even the action itself
But the dream which recurs in my mind
is the nightmare of falling

Letting life lead.

Bart Diener



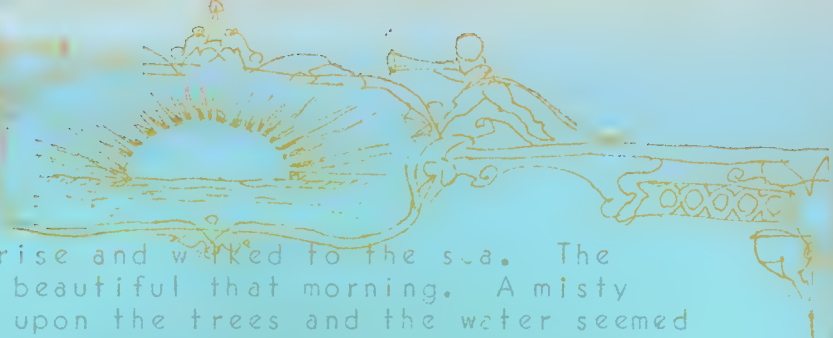


The Changeling Princess

Once upon a time in a small valley of a northern country there lived a farmer and his wife. They lived a quiet, peaceful life and were happy.

One day a daughter was born to them. They thought that she was very special, and she was very special. When she was young, one of the qualities that set her apart from most of the other children in the village was her great beauty. She had the bearing of a princess. Her hair was long and golden and her eyes were filled with the beauty of the sea. Since the village was only a short walk away from the sandy coasts, she often turned toward the sea and gazed at the powerful waves that surged through the rocks onto the white beach. Many times she would sit for hours, entranced by the waves, while the other children of the valley played their childhood games. Nor was she lonely, for when she desired company, she would walk to a nearby wood where the birds and other creatures of the forest were her friends.

A quiet, polite, intelligent child, who smiled with genuine happiness and never cried, she caused her parents to wonder how she came to know all that she did of faraway places and strange songs. One morning she awoke before



awoke before sunrise and walked to the sea. The world was indeed beautiful that morning. A misty fog hung loosely upon the trees and the water seemed to glow in the pale light that hovered between day and night. She sat down on a rock and watched the rolling waves. Soon, a few faint rays of fiery gold peaked over the horizon, eventually becoming a globe of light that fluttered just above the sea. And while the rays struggled to sweep the foggy cobwebs from the earth, the girl sat, enthralled by the excitement of a dawning day.

Later on, as she prepared to leave, she saw what appeared to be an old man, walking slowly along the beach. She watched him for some time before realizing that he was walking towards her. Although she felt a bit afraid, she did not move.

When the man drew near, she saw that he was not old, but young. Dressed in the garb of a knight, he carried a sword of bright steel upon which were wrought flowing lines of an ancient script. The hilt of the sword was enlaid with emeralds, as were parts of his armor. He knelt before her.


She spoke with a mixture of timidity and surprise, saying, "Who are you, sir, and why do kneel, as to some god or queen?"


The knight arose and said, "You have been chosen to lead the struggle of the faeries against Iceland and to regain for us the Jewel Amariti, the heart of our realm. It has been prophesized that only the most beautiful of all mortals will be able to seize our powerful jewel from the hands of the dragon Isti, the leader of Iceland."

At first the girl did not know what to make of this strange man. Suddenly, something deep within her stirred and she said, almost without

"Then we must hurry," the knight replied. "In Faerie you will be called Elise; I am Aldor."

He led her to the edge of the sea and began to walk across the water. Elise followed him. After some time, they came upon a patch of fog which stretched for miles in all directions.






It had a strange blue tint, and was so dense that it was impossible to see beyond it. As they walked through the fog, a tingling spread through Elise's body and she felt dizzy. But when the fog ended she found that she was no longer walking upon water but, instead, was upon the land of Faerie. This was no ordinary land. She had the feeling that everything was more alive than it was on earth. The trees were silver, or a color like that, for the colors of Faerie differ from the colors of earth, and each color glowed as though it were part of a dream.

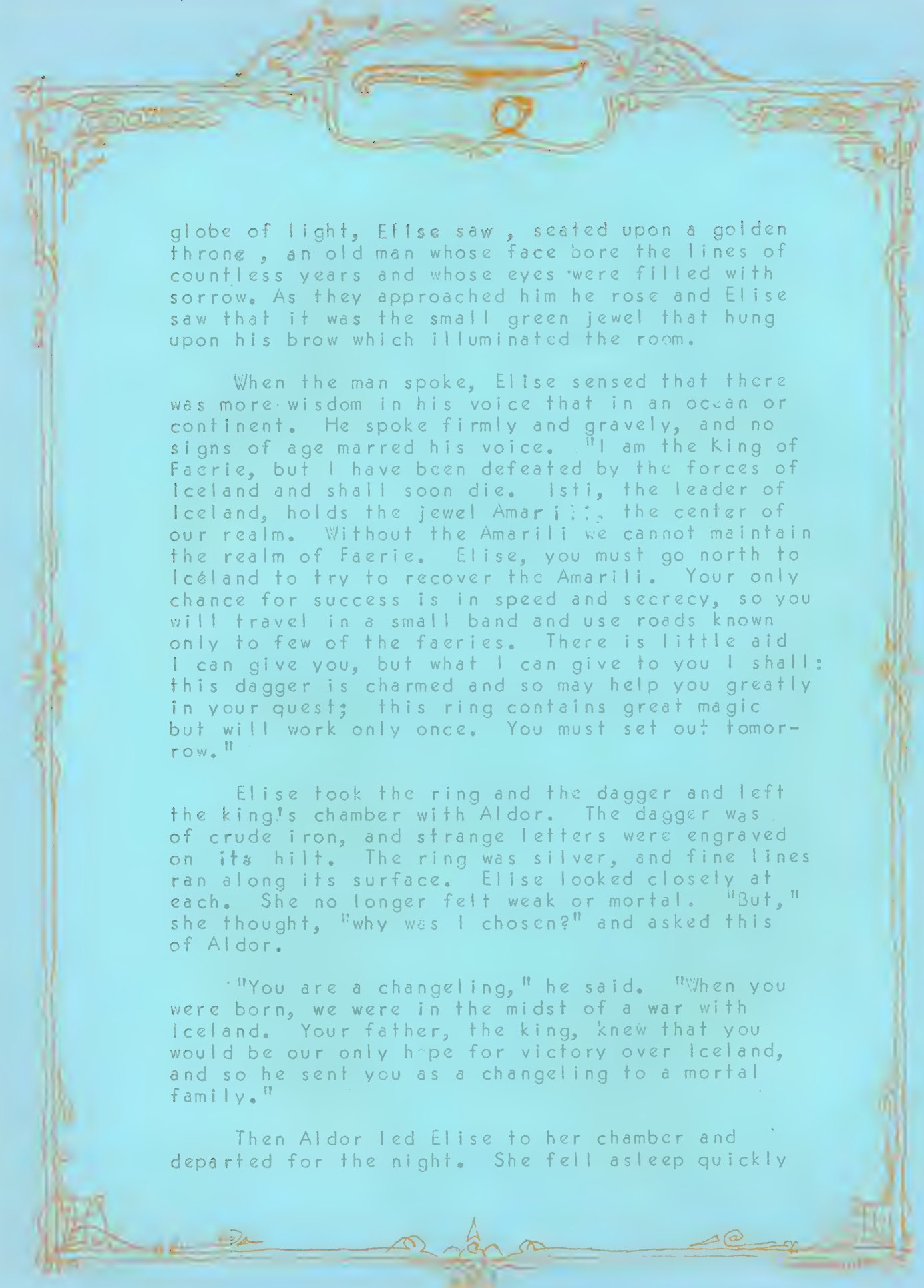
As they walked through Faerie, Elise heard songs sung by the wind that were more beautiful than any other songs she had ever heard. She saw the animals of tales: the unicorns, the griffins, and the animals of which no tales have yet been told. In the distance Elise saw the castle of the king of Faerie. It was formed of jewels and glass that appeared stronger than metal or stone. Like the land itself, the colors of the castle seemed unreal. Elise recognized all the elements of nature in the walls of the castle: wind, sea, fire, the earth---and it seemed as if a glow continually radiated from the spiraling towers.

Soon Aldor and Elise came to the gate of the castle. It was as tall as ten men and as wide as five. Elise could see no bolts or hinges, but the gates divided and swung open as Aldor chanted a charm.

Aldor led Elise through many long halls and up many flights of crystal stairs. They passed many rooms and in one room Elise came upon a group of faeries sweetly singing. Her heart felt light as she longed to stay and listen to the music, but Aldor still went forward.

At last they came to a chamber more beautiful than any of the others they had passed. It was dark but by dim torchlight Elise could see beautiful statues and strange paintings. At the end of the chamber there was a sphere of light which shone as if a star had fallen into the room, but there were no torches burning there. As they walked toward the





globe of light, Elise saw, seated upon a golden throne, an old man whose face bore the lines of countless years and whose eyes were filled with sorrow. As they approached him he rose and Elise saw that it was the small green jewel that hung upon his brow which illuminated the room.

When the man spoke, Elise sensed that there was more wisdom in his voice than in an ocean or continent. He spoke firmly and gravely, and no signs of age marred his voice. "I am the King of Faerie, but I have been defeated by the forces of Iceland and shall soon die. Isti, the leader of Iceland, holds the jewel Amarili, the center of our realm. Without the Amarili we cannot maintain the realm of Faerie. Elise, you must go north to Iceland to try to recover the Amarili. Your only chance for success is in speed and secrecy, so you will travel in a small band and use roads known only to few of the faeries. There is little aid I can give you, but what I can give to you I shall: this dagger is charmed and so may help you greatly in your quest; this ring contains great magic but will work only once. You must set out tomorrow."

Elise took the ring and the dagger and left the king's chamber with Aldor. The dagger was of crude iron, and strange letters were engraved on its hilt. The ring was silver, and fine lines ran along its surface. Elise looked closely at each. She no longer felt weak or mortal. "But," she thought, "why was I chosen?" and asked this of Aldor.

"You are a changeling," he said. "When you were born, we were in the midst of a war with Iceland. Your father, the king, knew that you would be our only hope for victory over Iceland, and so he sent you as a changeling to a mortal family."

Then Aldor led Elise to her chamber and departed for the night. She fell asleep quickly





and rested undisturbed.

When morning came they awoke and made ready to leave. Two other faeries were to go with them, each slant and well fitted with armor. Over white stallions had been chosen for the journey, and food and extra clothing for the northern regions were strapped to their backs.

They set out from the castle on a small road which wound northward through a dense forest. There was little talk among the company, for they all knew the grave nature of their quest. As they rode, Elise noticed that the farther from the castle they rode, the less beautiful the lands became. When the sun set they pitched






camp for the night. The air was chill, but they soon fell asleep.

The next ten days were much as the first, but each day the forest grew sparser and the lands more desolate. Soon the dark mountains which marked the borders of Iceland appeared in the distance.

The next day they began to scale the mountains. It grew colder and colder as they ascended. Snow covered the ground and there was no clear path. Vast glaciers stretched before them and huge boulders and chasms dotted the land. By the end of the day they had reached the top of the mountains. Far away they saw a peak of solid ice which Aldor said was the abode of the dragon Isti.

By then it was night but they could not stop because they feared that the birds which roamed the mountains of Iceland at night and are bigger and more horrible than earth vultures would destroy them. As they descended the mountain the air, instead of growing warmer, became steadily colder. Soon they were wearing all the clothes which they had brought for cold weather, but the chill air still managed to reach their skin. They were tense as they proceeded down the mountain. Suddenly, one of the birds dived towards them and with a hideous screech seized one of the faeries in his jaws. They shot arrows and hurled spears at the bird, but to no avail. It dropped the dead faery to the ground and flew again at the company, but as it did so, a spear thrown by Thad, one of the faeries, pierced its chest, and it fell dead with one last screech.

Aldor told them to hurry forward. Knowing that it was too dangerous to rest and that they must go straight to the den of Isti, they hurried down the mountain road. At the bottom, they began their weary trek. Because of their exhaustion, the unevenness of the land, and the cold which chilled



ROY VIE BERLIN

their bodies and spirits, they made poor time.

At last they approached the den of Isti. It was carved into a peak of ice which resembled a knife thrust through the earth. All around the peak were caves which hid fell creatures. Aldor raised his sword should they be attacked and, indeed, at that moment a large pack of wolves broke forth from their caves. They knelt together and awaited the attack. As the wolves approached, Aldor and Thad rose and killed many of them with their swords, but it appeared hopeless until Aldor yelled to Elise, "The dagger!" She took the dagger from its sheath and raised it above her head. Immediately a bolt of red light shot forth from its tip and struck and killed many in the pack including the leader. As another bolt left the dagger, the remaining wolves fled.

Elise, Aldor, and Thad then walked past the corpses of the wolves and over the blood-stained snow to the peak which contained the den of Isti. Before they could climb the mountain, Isti flew from his den and directed a stream of fire at Elise. It missed her but killed Thad. The next stream of fire sent Elise's shield flying from her hand. Aldor pulled her behind his shield and hewed at the dragon as he flew low. Elise raised the dagger and a bolt of red light issued from its point. The dragon withdrew, but then dived again. He appeared to Elise as a ball of molten fire as she again raised the dagger. This time he knocked the dagger from her hand with his spiked tail and Elise, semi-conscious, fell to the ground. She saw nothing except the dragon coming towards her. Suddenly Aldor cried out, "The ring!"

Elise quickly took the ring from her pocket. As she held it, the ring burst into a circle of fire. The ground shuddered, the sky darkened, and with a deafening crash a flash of blue light



engulfed Isti.

Everything was silent. Elise felt dizzy as Aldor stood by her side, a huge green jewel in his crown. The crown was made of a green gemstone. She rose and embraced Aldor. He took her hand and they began the journey back to the castle of the king of Faerie. They walked until dusk and then slept in a beautiful forest which was covered with snow. The next morning they were met on the road by a group of faeries. What began as a merry meeting grew somber when Elise and Aldor learned that the king of Faerie had died during their absence. Elise thought of the speech in his chamber and wept.

On they went and in a few days came to the castle. There they were greeted by a messenger of the dead king. He told them that the king had requested that they not grieve overmuch and had said that they were to rule as king and queen of Faerie.

They were married. In time they forgot the death of the king and lived happily ever after.

Glenn Kolleeny







globs of mud crawling in the space between my toes
soaking into puddles
as the air turns green & black
wind sucking in the dampness
streaming wet through strands of flesh,
as i drip with unconsciousness
watching tears splatter patterns
that sink into the muck

and the cold cracks inside my bones,
settling in the space behind my eyes,
and arms reach out to feel the dribble
caught in patches on my tongue
and i collapse inside myself,
pulled tight within the rain
drenched richly in the darkness
seeping fingers in the dirt
and my head slowly drowns,
leaving body above the water.

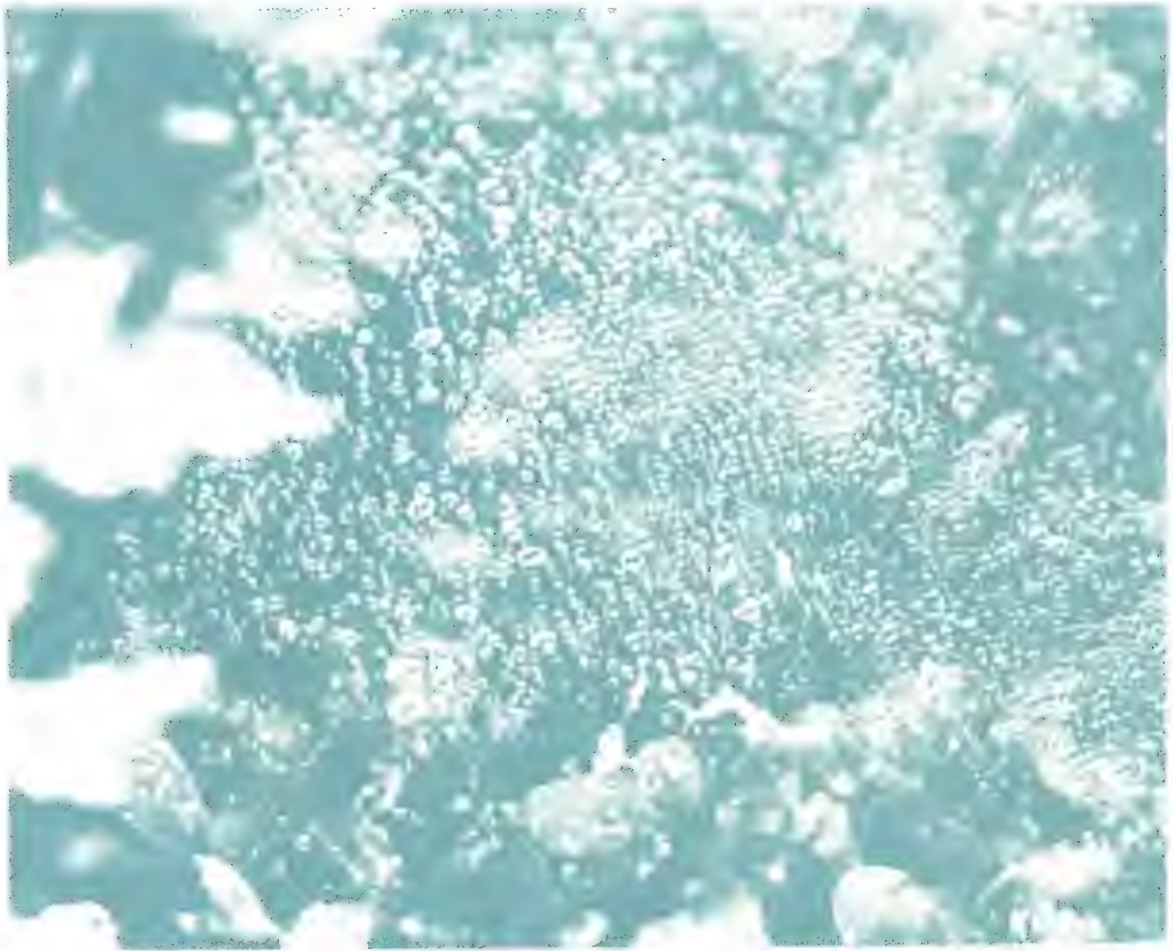
ronnie rom

proud flesh

as he licked up his sight from a sun
thoughts to the effect, my proud flesh,
falling onto his sour knees, crying my
flawless kin, and the hearts turned away,
and to whom Death but knows or has some idea.
altars, are for altar boys
fifth mass, next, the Axis tilts
as the sifted lovers sledge off an end
forever, and forever
on the surface, this is heaven
to know when hell is not ecstasy
and to search for the man who knows
nothing but yet is
very, very beautiful and smiles
in spite of you

--d.s.perkins

New Trends in Photography



Photography, it has been claimed, is not an art form, since all it involves is the non-personal entrapment of an image in a mechanized box with the help of some glass and celluloid. But photography is more than that. It originates as a personal visualization. When a photographer sees a landscape, he views it in terms of contrast, tone, texture, and color. Through his control of these elements, before the clicking of the shutter and during the printing stages, he is as much an artist as is the painter or the sculptor.

When the photographer has a point to make, he can make it with startling clarity. His medium is uniquely suited to searching out details and enhancing their dramatic impact. The creative photographer, then, is the man who has something to say and who possesses technical skills that will enable him to say it honestly. The photographer who has mere gloss and no substance is not an artist but a craftsman.

This is not to belittle old-fashioned craftsmanship. Often it is of great importance. The photographer who relies on spectacular substance but is ignorant of the principles of composition and the possibilities open to him in the darkroom, cannot be called an artist either. He, at best, is counting upon favorable chance to see him through to the finished product.

As interest in photography has increased, so has the need for clarification of its role in our lives. The arts, like the sciences, are growing. Since photography combines elements of both, its potential is infinite. While possibilities within the medium have been extended, new achievements are but variations on what has already existed. The development of television has produced a change in the traditional role of photo-journalism. The news photographer can no longer be content with just capturing the moment of news, for television can do this job faster and can also provide continuous coverage. Aided by the different techniques of color television, however, photo-journalism has become more creative.

The multi-media presentations of electronics and television have given the serious photographer an even wider field for experimentation. Automation in technical photography has enabled the photographer to devote his efforts to his art rather than to the technical aspects of his craft. (This is essential to effective photography.) Scientific advances have given the photographer greater leeway in his work: extreme wide angles, color which can be used to suit mood and feeling, and split-screen kaleidoscopic effects.

Despite these new advances, some of the most awesome work in photography still comes from the portfolios of Edward Steichen and other "traditional" photographers. At the turn of the century the young Steichen and other bold American experimenters discovered a simplicity of design which was characterized by soft focus and a radical manipulation of the original subject. The loss of photographs recording the conscious view was decried, but photography was emerging as a fine art. Edward Weston's pictures were a projection of his own spirit, as well as a celebration of the natural beauty of an untouched landscape, about to be destroyed. Ansel Adams, now master in the portrayal of the remaining fragments of the American landscape, has taught us to revere the remains of our native surroundings before photographs become their only memorial.

It is these immortal photographers who have, in their work, maintained a feeling of universal humanity, for they

sensed, and rightly, that man maintains some unchanging characteristics, distinct from his changing culture and environment. They have presented us too with mysterious images of the unconscious mind, whose interpretation is left to the viewer.

The true photographer can depict the harsh realism of life itself, or he can capture the fleeting joys and hopes of a real world. Both images exist. The photographer needs only a willingness to work hard, conditioned reflexes, and the sensitivity to communicate them successfully.

David Jaffee

Sonnet 1

The sun, in dying flames, fell 'neath the trees,
Its cries of anger muted by the moans
Of icy winds who, sad to see the death,
Sang sonnets and such melancholy poems
As blew cloud billows, watching, into seas
Which shaped a final honor soon: a wreath.
Now rising in the midst of mournings these,
The moon, appointed heir, false solemn comes,
And echoes, softly, gleams of Sun's last breath.
Then in the way of all the deaths of suns,
The moon, triumphant, rose up in the breeze,
And stood above the grave to wait his death.
Though this new king ruled strong the skies all night,
He died and fell again at morn's first light.

Jon Greenblatt



In Water

I know the days will continue to
pass. Each one longer, my presence
felt this afternoon.
We have been listening to the rain.
Water is the object of all my
desires
the seizure of rain
which beads my eyes and tongue.
Is it the sudden hand I feel on
my back
or the so quick destruction
that breathes
on my shoulder
which seeks to twist knowledge
into love ?

I say what I mean
-- yet words lie
I know, I'm old enough to tell
that glances and stares are truer
than speech
that hands are remembered longer than words
that this negation is just concern.

the words and action follow each other
the dribblets of water waver and thin

I know cool water
the naked immersion into skin
the quick touch, the shy quick touch
of hand to rain
when wetness presses and attempts to spread
when windows are clouded
and doors are kept shut.
I know this rain that always falls
I have looked at it in winter
when there was snow
I have taken crystals to puddle and melt.

the warmth of a hand
the thrust of a breath
this summer is always a season of rain.

Susan Mernit

Pounding her fists upon the
shore, like
a child
in furious anger,
She retreats only
to rise
again, and
Being spoiled by the cloud's tears,
Steadily grabs at the unreachable,
the shore
and pulls back what
she can get.

Kathy Moss

I watch you bubblebabble in the shine
softly smile inside
the golden waves
and I reach out to
touch the silver spun
that fades into
the clouds
dying there,
without me
why do I always reach for you when
I know my touch will splatter
leaving shingle shingle pieces
to flicker in the darkness
darkness darkness
please unlatch my eyes
please let me see
where you are going
and I will come too

ronnie rom



Phineus's Revenge

Old D. Phineus Lawrence, he was a damned ugly guy. With his polished, bald head and face scarred from adolescent acne, he looked like a melting snow cone. Add to this the fact that he was super rich and was a super hermit with a super mind, and you might begin to understand how and why he did it.

Phineus hadn't always been a recluse. In his younger days he was quite an outgoing person. He possessed an exceptionally fertile mind, one which constantly gave birth to new devices. But as he grew older, he developed a deficiency in one crucial area: personality. Phineus (because of society's demanding standards) was a man with a great inferiority complex. He was always striving to prove himself superior to all. In the process, he reached the height of genius, but lost his ability to relate to others.

Of course, after his inventions started paying off, greedy folks began to flock around him like flies. But understand, these were, to a

man, false friends. He developed a strong distaste for his fellows. He started to make his inventions mockeries of the society he felt had alienated him.

Phineus's "Lawrence Lazer" was a prime example of his diabolical inventiveness. "People are such lovers of discipline," Phineus noted, "that a super structural machine, my 'Lawrence Lazer,' is just what they need. I'll give them the opportunity to carry their passion to its fullest, most horrible extent." When the Lazer was first marketed, Phineus sat back and watched as he saw folks flock to the stores. The device became a household word, or, more properly, a household threat: "When your father comes home tonight, he'll turn it on but good!" There was no need to clarify what "it" was. On its lowest power, the Lazer was enough to convince any child that he really did want to brush his teeth. On its highest, it could sway the social, ethical, political, and economic trends of a nation.

How Phineus laughed as he watched men bring home models of the Lazer. He cackled in eccentric delight for he knew that his invention would inevitably be applied for personal profit, as so many good things eventually are. And so he laughed.

And he left. For the mountains. To be alone.
To make revenge.

"Where is he?" the people inquired. No one knew, or no one was telling.



"I'll never come back, NEVER!" Phineus roared to a reporter who happened to stumble upon him in the Andes. Indeed, after this encounter, Phineus changed location.

Phineus Lawrence went into self-imposed exile. You understand that now. Emerging finally, after eight years, he produced his newest and most wonderful innovation, the most magnificent work of genius to spring from the mind of man since the discovery of fire: D. Phineus Lawrence created a

time viewer. Capable of scanning past events and practical enough for the common man to use in his home, its possibilities seemed endless. Old men could relive their childhoods, loving once more their long-dead parents. Anthropologists could study ancient civilizations which hitherto had been hidden by the dense curtains of time. Phineus was revered as a saint. To some, he was the Messiah.

And now, good reader, I pose a question to you. Where does the past begin? Is it one second ago, or one hour ago, or three thousand years ago? Can we not agree that the answer is obvious: the past is everything prior to the present.

In a short time, everyone had a model of Phineus' time viewer in his home. And, in an equally short space of time, people realized where the past begins. Housewives began to tune their viewers to the very recent past, and watched their husbands at work; it became the plaything of voyeurs. Nations kept a close watch on their adversaries, while individual citizens never knew when they were free from the eye of their government. The world divided and subdivided into different camps, and with these sharp divisions came the inevitable: men became so preoccupied with watching their neighbors that progress ceased. Without progress and intellectual momentum, human minds atrophy. They did. Civilization fell.

Yes sir, old D. Phineus Lawrence, he was a damned ugly guy. And damned crafty. Old Phineus, he had his revenge.

Ed Hayman



NOT ENOUGH, THE SKY

Not enough
have I lain on my back in an open field
and in peaceful happiness
gazed at the sky

Not enough
have I soared through a sleepy daydream
and with a light head
smiled at the sky

Not enough
have I risen to my feet
and in a moment of revelation
called to the sky

Not enough
have I lived

Bart Diener

Those Sweet-Talking Liberals

I hear them say that they don't like war
They demand equal opportunity
They claim to pity the plight of the poor
Demolish slums, mend the community.
I have heard them condemn the bombs that kill
But I've found that liberal speech makers,
Who curse weapons and hate so-called "Hawks," will
Frequently just be convincing fakers.
Preach all that you like, but please also act!
Stop sitting and really begin to walk,
Turn your demands and sweet thoughts into fact.
You shall then indeed have reason to talk.
Critics are plenty but workers are rare
Keep silent a while and show that you care.

Abby Atkinson



the music of changes

John Cage, twentieth century American composer, received his training from Arnold Schönberg and originally worked in the "twelve-tone" system Schönberg developed. These twelve tones were the half-notes in a piano octave. Eventually Cage broke off from Schönberg. Realizing that tones could be achieved electronically, he extended the range of music from a twelve-tone limit to an infinity of sounds.

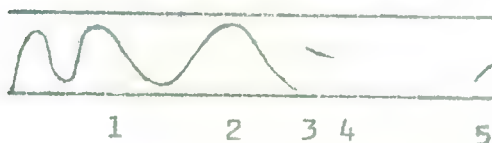
Cage holds that in an electronic age it is absurd to limit oneself to the instrumentation of earlier ages. Although one will find, among his works, many pieces written for piano and other traditional instruments, his essential equipment, like the tape recorder, is electronic. Tape allows him to capture both intended and unintended sounds and to alter the overtone-undertone structure (timbre) of a sound as much as he desires.

Silence is another important element in Cage's music. Traditionally, silence has been used for emphasis; it contrasted sharply with sound. Yet Cage holds that there is never any total silence: sound is always about us and silence is therefore non-existent. The composer can harness this indeterminate sound and make it an integral part of his music.

There are three concepts of particular importance in Cage:

One: There is no unity. He does not want the listener to be given something neat and tidy. In his music many instruments play simultaneously, none helping the other. Rather, each line carries a separate imagery for the listener to grapple with.

Two: The composer should leave as much as he can to chance. For this purpose Cage does not use traditional notation or tunings. There are no lines in the staff, nor are there notes or subdivisions of a beat to indicate time. Instead, lines and dots within two lines indicate approximate pitch, and a series of lines indicating the number of minutes or seconds tells the performer within what duration each sound will occur. For example:



The horizontal lines indicate the highest and lowest range. The other lines indicate the approximate pitch within that range and where

there is no line there is "silence." The numbers at the bottom are indications of the number of seconds into the piece that each sound occurs. This notation scheme does not hold true in all of Cage or the avant-garde. It is impossible to use indeterminate notation for instruments with fixed pitch such as the piano. For such instruments, Cage indicates before the piece how the instrument should be altered. In the "Music of Changes" he does this. Some notes are "stopped" with rubber while on others the tuning is drastically altered without any particular order employed in the altering. To tell the pianist which key to press, the traditional line - staff-note system is employed. Indeterminacy can also be achieved on the piano by means of placing boards over the keys and indicating to the performer which section of the board he should strike. This technique gives note clusters which can not be predicted with any outstanding degree of accuracy.

Three: Music does not have a purpose you can verbalize. If it did, there would be no reason to have music. We could **make communication** far simpler and more universal by restricting ourselves to language.

Although Cage is an experimental composer, aspects of his music are logical extensions of trends that have existed for as long as music has existed. Musicians have always attempted to expand the area they can work in. For example, the first system of music to be set up was probably one involving whole tones. Within the limits of a scale, that system allowed the composer to work with five notes. It was a definite step forward when half tones were included. Their use was restricted, however, to seven keys. This "tonal system," introduced before the Renaissance, is still with us today. Schonberg removed the seven-key restriction in the early nineteen hundreds and allowed the composer to work with all twelve half-tones. The Indian quarter-tone system and the forty-three tone system of Harry Partch gave the composer even more freedom. Cage has merely gone one step further. By removing all limits, in rhythm and orchestration as well as in tonality, he has freed the composer from any bounds.

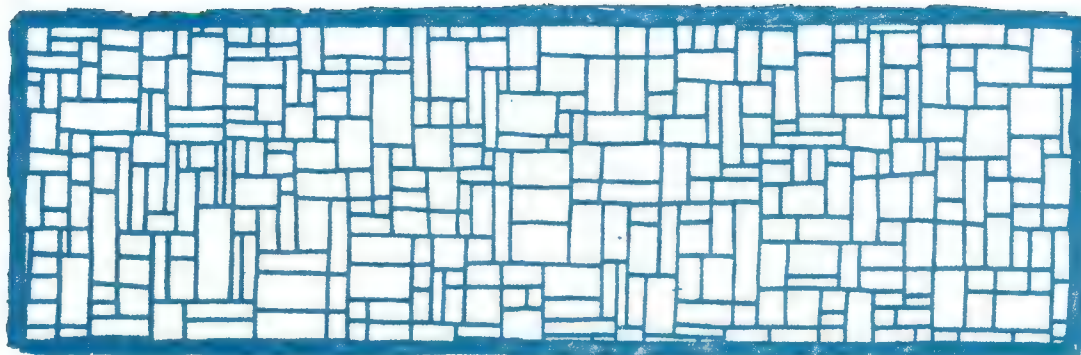
Critics of Schonberg and Cage say that tonality; i.e., seven tones, was the ultimate step forward because it created the system which could convey a composer's ideas most effectively. They claim that the "atonality" of Schonberg could be a death blow to music, one that might destroy the coherence

and order they deem necessary to art. Schonberg defends his system on the grounds that it is "polytonal," offering the fullest possible range within a tonal structure. The criticism has never bothered Cage, however.

Essential to a traditional definition of music is the statement that it has a specific end, but to Cage, music has no other purpose than its own existence. Therefore, defending any system on the basis of its effectiveness becomes invalid. Nothing about Cage infuriates traditionalists more than the way he flaunts this conviction. In dealing with him, the issue becomes not how he achieves his effects nor where his music is headed, but whether music should be headed anywhere, and whether a piece should attempt to convey an idea ; finally, even if music should not have a purpose, whether there should not be any restrictions imposed by the composer on himself to assure coherence and order.

Marshal McLuhan has addressed himself to these questions. He holds that while "visual space is an organized continuum of a uniformed connected kind, the ear world is a world of simultaneous relationships." This means that the coherence and order which might be desirable in a painting have no place in music. Even in a free-form sculpture there is a flow, a coherence that the sculptor must attempt to reach. The forms he uses give the sculpture an "order." Sounds, on the other hand, surround us. Both McLuhan and Cage agree that the composer has no right to remove these sounds or to organize them in any way. McLuhan says, "We say, 'Music shall fill the air.' We never say, 'Music shall fill a particular segment of the air.'"

Cage's critics take an entirely different view of things. They question whether harnessing indeterminate noise makes for music. They say there is a point at which noise aspires toward music and music degenerates into noise. Usually, they do not question the incorporation of electronics into music. They protest, however, when the notation system seeks indeterminacy. Pieces in which an orchestra is given a free hand to do what it will within a given time period (each musician working independently of the other and the conductor there merely to signify the beginning and ending of a segment) are anathema to them. They claim that, at best, Cage's music appeals to the intellect at the expense of the emotions. All great art through the centuries has been directed towards conveying an

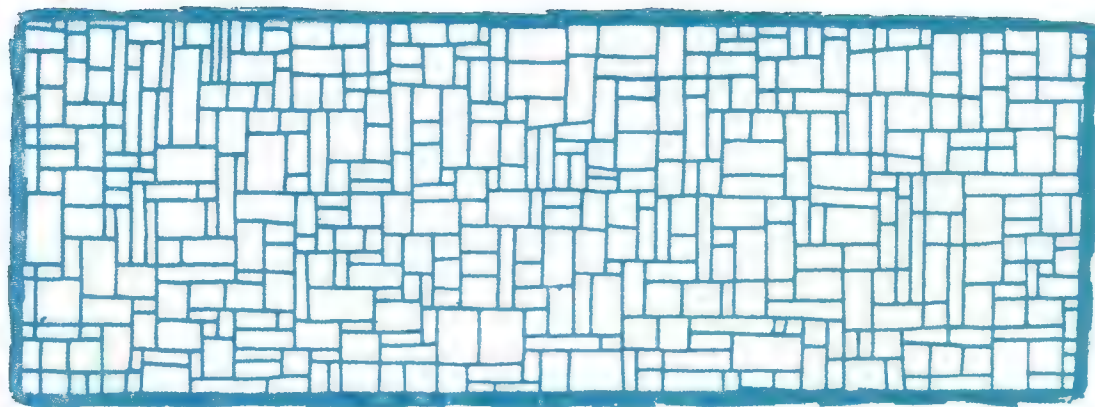


idea, they argue. Why have music if it does not convey a purpose?

His critics maintain that Cage is commercial and pre-meditated, deliberately seeking the "way-out" and the unconventional. They maintain that he does not believe in his own ideas, and that he is laughing at those composers who incorporate his concepts into their music. Since his critics offer no substantiation for their charges, it becomes difficult to dismiss Cage as a musical charlatan. If nothing else, he must be accepted as a man with fascinating views on music, a man who, by challenging the established order of things, will either rip down in the old that which is invalid or reinforce in the old that which is good.

Even within the avant-garde, Cage is somewhat alone in what he is doing. Although many composers employ similar techniques and concepts, no one is willing to be identified with Cage. Milton Babbitt, another American composer who employs electronic equipment and who claims that his music isn't headed anywhere, still demands the right to control the course of his music. Notation in his music is incredibly exact, so that he can insure coherence and order within his music. While Cage gives approximate direction and times, Babbitt employs a system in which he dictates exact pitch by the number of vibrations in the pitch. He utilizes a stop watch to be sure of timing. Babbitt also has been known to use a computer to "create" music.

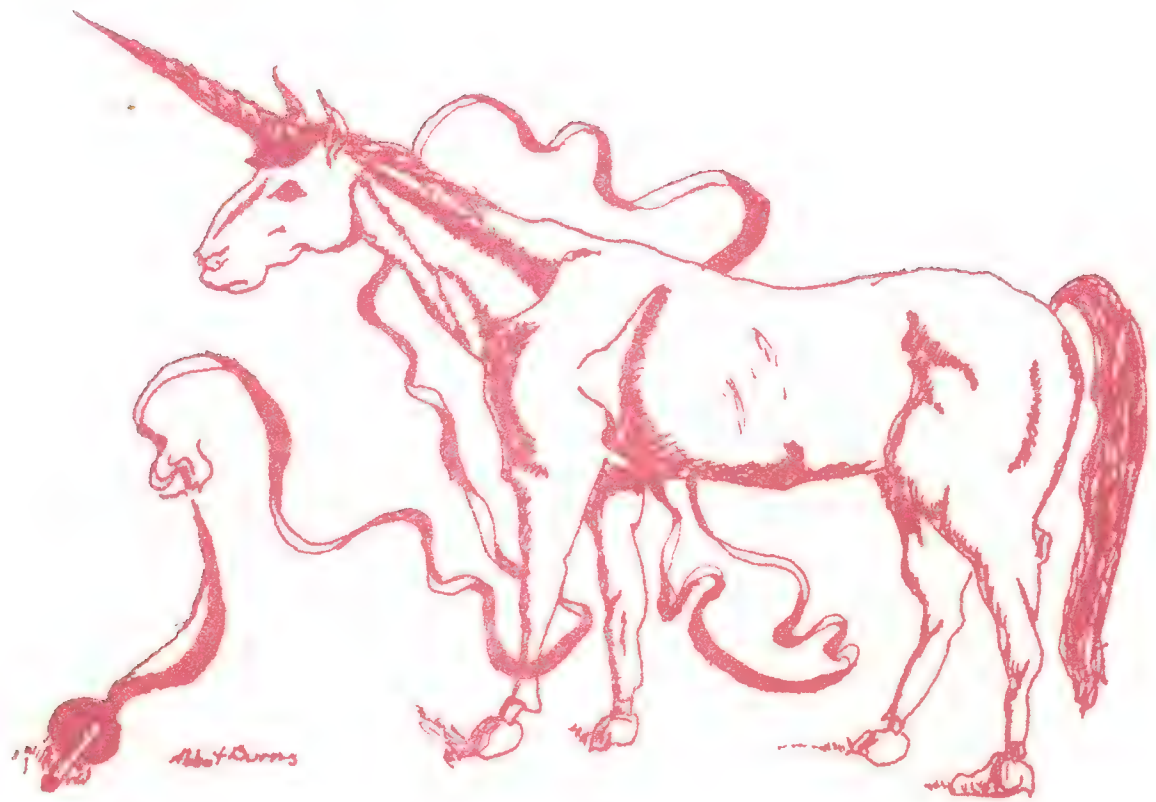
Carl Heinz Stockhausen, a twentieth century German, has employed every one of Cage's techniques, save the most important one: Stockhausen has always worked towards an end. For this reason, his music has great unity of purpose, and this purpose is always easy to define. For example, in "2001: A Space Odyssey," Stockhausen's music is used by the director whenever the black monolith appears. It is an eerie, shifting, disquieting music. Its purpose is to upset the listener. Pierre Boulez, a French conductor-composer, is another utilizer of Cage's ideas. Other names in the field include Lukas Foss and Luciano Berio.



These people, too, come under heavy criticism. An attack on Stockhausen charged that his work is graphic art, not music, (This refers to the way indeterminate notation looks on a page.) Boulez has been described as "neat, exact, and well organized." Babbitt is attacked for composing "sterile, computerized" music that is devoid of human error, emotions, and even human creativity. According to traditionalists, bad though Cage is, at least he is organic; there is something human about him. With Babbitt they feel a desperateness; they fear that a few more works of his kind and music will be "composed" by feeding a punch card through a machine.

It is hard to draw any conclusions about Cage. He is still too new, and our prejudices get in the way of a fair hearing. It is not fair to judge a composer on the basis of audience response to unconventional techniques. If we did, Beethoven would be forgotten. Today it is the three B's who are the most popular composers, and those B's do not include Babbitt and Boulez. One thing is certain, and that is that these moderns raise valid questions as to what music is and should be, questions which were not asked between the Renaissance and Schonberg.

Matthew Moloshok



There was once a knight who one day passed a unicorn
That had in its mouth an enchanted sword.
And like any knight of his time he would not take the word
Of those who warned him that these were dangerous animals, unicorns.
So because he wanted the enchanted sword
And had no fear of being torn
Or gouged or smashed or gored
He went to battle that morn.

He approached the beast and it lifted its horn
It screeched and stomped and roared
But soon the knight got pretty bored
And whipped out his knife, and stabbed the unicorn.
He waited while the beast's blood poured
Then reached past the unicorn
And grabbed the shiny, enchanted sword
As the strange beast died with a look of forlorn.

He stuck the sword in the belt he had worn
Screamed at the birds, dropping as they soared
Put down a starting of fear that knawed
And feeling none of the guilt of death he might have borne
He started off for the nearest lord.
He had passed only one field of corn
When he saw an enchanted blade coming toward
His belly...Dead as before he'd been born. Don't mess with enchanted
swords.

Jon Greenblatt

As I Have Lived Before

When I lived by the shore
I had a place to sit and watch the waves
And listen, on the turning beach, to gulls and
the ocean's roar.
The waves have not stopped rolling now,
But never do I hear the sounds or feel
the peace the ocean gave,
Though often I imagine I can see its break and bow,
And flocks of gulls in flight again, as
they dip and soar.
My ocean is no more.
In place of ocean blue and warm, white sands,
The damp and cold of city streets is now
my fortune poor.
The sun no longer showers me,
Its rays are blocked by towers and the
clouds and storms of life command.
My life is not in cities and it can
not ever be.
I must return to sea and sand as
I have lived before.

Jon Greenblatt



from the woods

wind blow
take our soul with you
fair make the sounds
peaceful, touch the kiss

Infinite destiny
your question is unanswerable
by me
perhaps that is the answer
to take the wind
and blow with it
and lift the sounds, that from
tears, caress
waves call
from a ready moon

soundless torch, how shall
laughter flow
from wading lily-pads
to caught mirrors
in ramparts' skulls

taste this dirt
from bled born it flew
mouths have loved on it
the mist has clung to it

look these rocks
tempt these soldier-trees
that have fought
and, oh, the "contemptible"
glory they have rooted
and their green souls
have shrunk or
withered
with a calloused man

Ed Burns

wash the sky
feathers of luminous
though envied cry
to have a place
and hound what hot half-
 forgotten king
sang fair the human
and his land spring

if somehow kindness
could be known of me
hearts created by a feeling heart
are well

feelings come and go
ferns from youth unfold
 for time stands still
perfectly
 and for life I reach
out to the otter's womb
wars come and go
but they'll always stay

for us eyelids must be shut
oh, to touch or kiss
those unknown hearts
 who've lifted a tear
and melted it into the stars

are you, this love, my morning,
their hearts
painted on my eyes

yes, but eternity will go unanswered to
hearts will go forgotten
leaves will go unmarked
and beauty will
with a song
grasp poetry and flee

d.s.perkins

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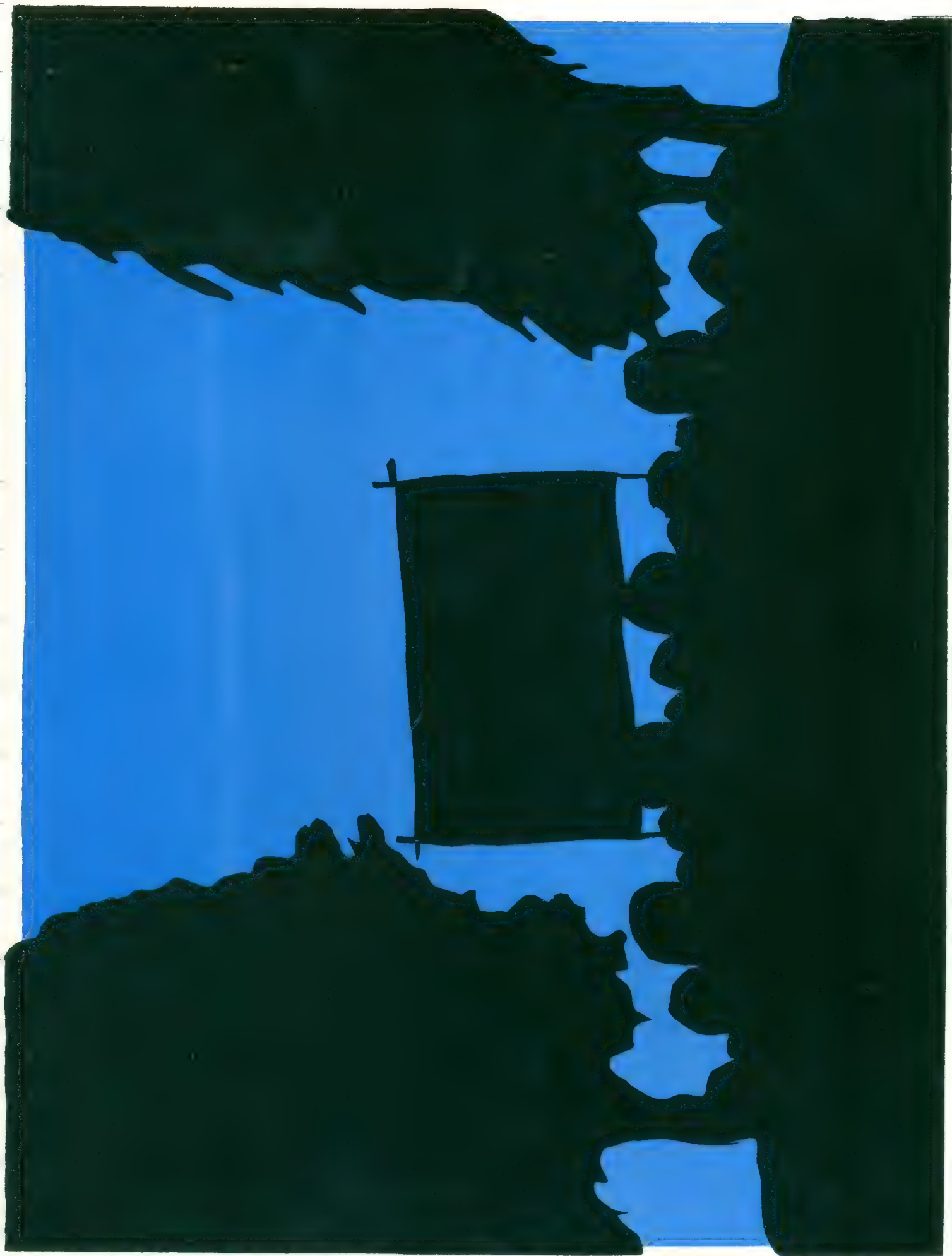
Variations

boxes of darkness
piled neatly beside my flesh
 strings of silence hang loosely in the air
knees of light shine in the spider's web
 laughing toward traveling dawn
 on wheels of fairy tales
smoking in the distant morrow
 and you
 afraid to cry
crawl into slivers of fog

ronnie rom

 glass and sand
walking shivering through
 a mist of rain
...dance in patterns.
 pictures gliding in the sunlight
whispering streaks of color
 grasping wings screeching
 lonely in the
 dark
 stripes of water
 tasting flesh
fingers stretching moonlight (which is not so far
 away)
 and you shine under my light
 that lies buried under grains of sand

ronnie rom



William Burroughs: a slice of life

William Burroughs, author of Soft Machine, Nova Express, and The Ticket That Exploded, is an avant-garde writer who, like many other avant-garde writers, protests the hold that technology has on our society. His peculiar "cut-up" style differentiates his works from all other pieces of literature: he types a page, cuts it into small pieces, scrambles them, and retypes the result, ending up with an effect that is refreshingly different.

Some say that this technique is a block of coherent thought and then mind thinks and that therefore, jump to and from artificially randomized than the stream-of-consciousness were the way the brain operated, is But the brain does not make up a person's randomizer will accurately scramble it. Nor does the brain can make sense of artificially randomized bits of thought. Even if this gained by this technique is lost on the it logical to assume that one However, Faulkner's style mimics at least decode another's, or that it of the brain without losing coherence. bits of thought? Whatever is do indeed progress rapidly from thought reader, who is only human. but Faulkner shows how his characters' in part the thought patterns. The thoughts of his characters artificial. He could just as well lead to seemingly unrelated thought, randomize them. He uses the equivalent of brains associate the thoughts. society to protest the technological

Burroughs' technique is plugs in his electric guitar and his images into a computer to a product of the technological artists who use artificial techniques a product of the technological society -- like the folksinger who the Painter") have come under question from the proceeds to protest Con Ed. art?" We can ask the same of Burroughs'

The works of many abstract in the highest sense of art. It lacks (like the artist of "Day of a different angle: "But is it Burroughs. He does not pretend to be a works. I would answer, "No, not able to write good prose. He experiments a necessary underlying unity." way that has meaning to him. We can't

But we can not condemn nor can we disregard him because literary genius or even to be most resembles the way the human with the written medium in a this technique is more appropriate deny him the right to experiment, technique under some circumstances. He is different

Jon Victor

Acrid rotting tears
Mirroring old, splintered thoughts
Sweet, without mercy.

Suzanne Kirschner

The Flute

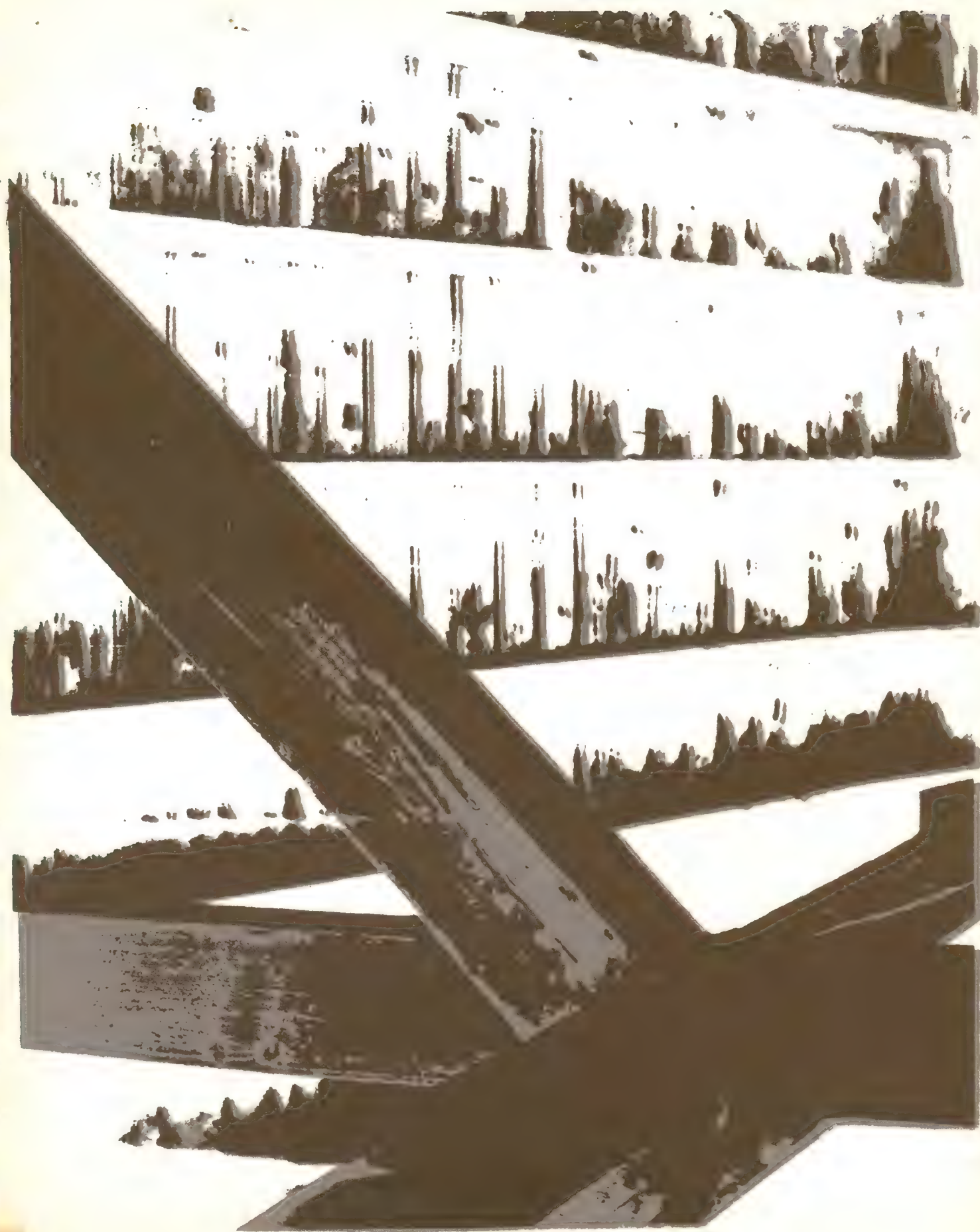
Skimming lightly over tunes
Halting just to take a breath
A lilting song of sunny Junes
A sobbing, mournful hymn of death.
Singing verses of the mind
Soft as petals of a rose
With life's timeless sounds entwined
The silvered piece comes to a close.

Kathy Moss

Poets

sprawled among the branches of the tallest tree
that they can see,
shrouded in a warm fog of emaciated luxury,
shortsighted
in a most Promethean fashion,
they, too, are leaves.
but they do not notice their color.

Suzanne Kirschner



A Loss of Control

The afternoon was warm for Vermont but he lay in bed shivering. The extra blanket was no help to him. He drew it close and lay restlessly. It was the first time he had been sick in three years. It was disturbing to him. Three years. Is that right? He counted back to the last time. While he was counting, there was a knock at the door. He knew who it was even before she came in but he did not answer. She came in anyway carrying a small package. In it there was some tea and crackers. He was far too sick at the time to want anything solid, but the tea was more than welcome.

The girl kept herself quietly at the foot of his bed and watched him. He was more pallid than usual. She did not tell him this. She did not ask him how he was feeling either. She just handed him the tea. As he sipped it she kept her eyes off him. She had a calm face.

He sipped the tea slowly. It was hot and made him sweat more. It took away from his drowsiness and he thought a little more clearly. The room had two large windows, one of which was open, but only a little light came in through it because of the roof's overhang. There was no television or telephone. Usually he would be out hunting or fishing so these things did not matter. That was the reason he came up from New York--to fish and hunt in Vermont. But this virus had kept him away from the hunting. He was kept indoors by it. Indoors and vomiting almost continuously. It made him frightened and angry. It made him very angry.

He sipped the tea. It was soothing.

"Jean."

The girl looked back at him.

"Hello," she said.

"Hello."

"How are you feeling?"

"A little better."

"Stomach still hurt?"

"No," he said, "it's just kind of sitting there."

"That's good," she said. Only it wasn't good. He could feel his stomach sitting there. It was always that way right before the nausea came.

Jean continued, "The weather has been really bad so you wouldn't have been out anyway."

"I suppose not," he said. "Thank you for the tea."

Jean shrugged.

"No, really." He stopped. "I really appreciate this."

She didn't answer.

"You don't have to stay you know."

"I'll stay until you don't need me anymore."

"I don't need you," he said quickly. "You don't have to stay."

She got up and his eyes followed her to the window. He leaned towards her.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"Just over here," she said. "Don't be so nervous."

"I'm not nervous," he said.

She ignored him.

"You know it's going to rain pretty soon. A thunder storm."

"I suppose so," he said. The room was dark as the storm clouds soaked up the light even before it reached the roof.

He tried to train his mind on the light bulb. It had no shade and it cast very little light but its glow hurt his eyes when he looked at it for too long. Anything to keep his mind off the girl. He tried to find his gun. That was too easy. He always knew where his gun was. He deliberately put his mind away and tried to catalogue every animal he had ever killed.

But she's not that bad, he kept thinking. She was just about the only one he would associate with besides Jimmy. That was why he'd known it was she when she knocked. With Jimmy gone, she was the only one he knew up here.

"It will be a big one," she said.

"Probably," he said.

He couldn't remember whether he had counted any of the grouse more than once. There were many grouse and it was easy to confuse the number because his mind kept going back to the first time he had seen her. It had been up here when he was swimming in the river. She was walking along the bank and he spoke to her then. They both lived in the city. He started seeing her in the city. They had gone together to the park and museums and had kept together throughout the winter. Drifted together, at any rate. Only he couldn't understand why. She isn't that bad, he thought. Once he had given her a recording of a Beethoven string quartet. It was the first gift either of them had given the other. She had listened to the record and he thought she was going to cry. They were in her apartment at the time, drinking some tea and her eyes were closed. "It's so beautiful," she had said and swallowed hard. After that she sat passively. He could get no more out of her than, "It's so beautiful."

He sipped the tea. It kept him sweating and he put

it down. Why had he given her the record? It had bothered him then. Now it was back in a different form. He tried to get back to something better.

"You know what's the worst part of this?"

"No."

"That I can't be outdoors."

"I would have thought it was the nausea."

It was the nausea. He was afraid of the taste and the overwhelming loss of control. But she's not to know this, he thought. Not this. Stay calm. Don't think about it.

"That's part of any virus," he said. "I really wanted to hunt this trip."

"Oh."

"Yeah," the young man continued, "I'd really like to be out hunting. Jimmy and I used to hunt all the time."

He remembered the first time he had gone hunting. It had been up here. He had carried his gun loosely at his side. Jimmy had been coil-tight. They had heard a noise, there was no hesitation, Jimmy sprang and the bird was down.

"Jimmy was really good at it, he said. "I'm still learning."

"I don't like hunting." said the girl.

"I do."

"It seems awfully gory."

"It's beautiful!" he exclaimed. "You go out and control life and death, have power over something. I like the way a man is totally alone. He doesn't need anyone to

feed him, or take care of him." All this came quickly and Joan nodded into the floor.

The room remained dark. He lay restlessly. He felt his stomach sitting heavily although he hadn't had anything except some liquids in a week. He lay relentlessly knowing that the nausea was coming and that Jean was still there and he had to get rid of her.

"Aren't you afraid you'll catch it, Jean?"

"I wouldn't worry about it."

"It's probably contagious."

Jean was silent.

"Why don't you go?" he asked.

"She stayed silent.

"Please go," he said.

Jean did not move. She sat at the foot of the bed and gazed out the window.

"What was Jimmy like?" she asked.

"What?" He wasn't listening. He was telling himself not to let her see him.

"I only met him that one time."

"When?"

"Some time I met you."

"I don't know, he said." "What do you want me to say?"

"Well what sort of a person was he?"

"Quiet. Never spoke to anyone except sometimes me."

"He liked hunting and fishing," she said.

"He was raised up here. They were parts of his life."

"You both liked sports."

His stomach moved. Get rid of her.

"Yeah."

"How'd you meet him?"

"In school. We had some classes together. He talked about a lot of things and I admired his ideas."

"Like what?" she asked.

"Hunting, for one."

"You already told me about that."

"Yes. I did." He stopped. "That was his whole philosophy when you get right down to it. He lived his whole life that way."

"Kill or be killed," she said slowly.

"That's about it. He was the hunter. Alone, careful where he steps, in complete control."

"Really?" she asked.

"Yes." He finished the tea.

He drew the blankets back tight, the way they were before Jean walked in.

"What about other people?" she asked quietly.

"They are the hunted. He didn't want to be attached to them."

She kept herself quiet. He felt nauseous and started



to speak hastily.

"It's the only way for a man to live. It is. You're in control. No attachments to drag you down. I agree with him completely. That's why I've avoided attachments. I don't need them. I don't want them. I want to hunt."

"Do you?" she asked.

"Yes!" he said.

She was stopped for a moment by his tone, but she had made up her mind.

"That's just not like you," she said.

"Why?" he demanded.

"You've always looked for attachments."

"I have not," he said.

"But you have. I don't know why you adopted this Spartan posture. Maybe you did it so that you could be Jimmy's friend..."

"I did it because I agree with him," he interrupted.

"Then why did you see me in New York? Why did you give me the record?"

He was silent.

"Please face it," she said.

"Get out," he said finally. "Just get out."

She did not move.

There was nothing to do but wait. He bit his lower lip, then licked his lips. There was an occasional rustle in the blankets. He removed his feet from the blankets and started to dangle them over the side of the bed. Then he got down very slowly. He found his loafers and slipped them on. Jean looked at him and he nodded.

He went out the door. The sky was dark and the trees bore their leaves up, white. The birches were whipped by the gusts of wind. The storm was imminent. He knew the signals. He wanted to walk a good distance so that she would not hear him, but it happened too soon. The business was very long and took a lot out of him. It did not make him feel any better. He did not want to go back into the house, but he turned toward it. The rain started. Jean was standing on the doorstep, quiet in the rain.

Matthew Moloshok



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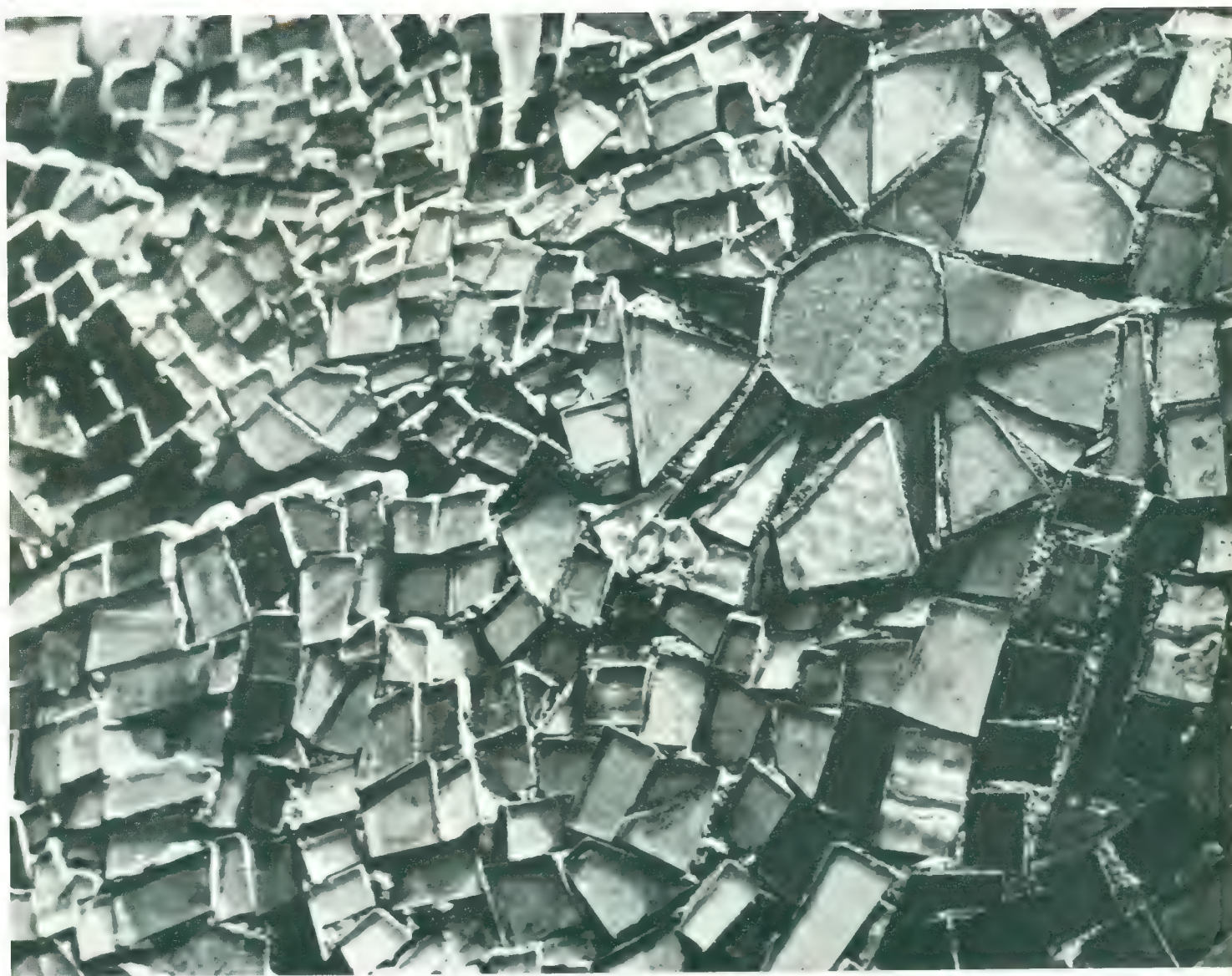
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Matthew Moloshok



Daniel Pearl



Daniel Pearl



Orrin Star



Danny Matthow

confusion

The fronds of his mind choked together
meshed
squeaked heavily
locked.

Deaf from the lyric of his thoughts
Blind from the smothering of green
Alone in the jungle, the fronds
swirled
galloped
danced
Forbade him from the calmest waters.

RoseAnne Shear

And your eyes
 blinking
their laser light
 flashing
 piercing
my fibrous, oncestrong
 laughter

Suzanne Kirschner

Who?

What does? say the little girl
What didn't? say you
Six tens are forty and nine thirties are two
Count...Count...Count before the question dies.

Why not? say the little girl
Why? say you
Who not the cloud has burst in open answer to
Rain...Rain...Rain while the clouds are up.

How? say the little girl
How not? say you
Think after the letters a-b-c p-q-r s-t-u
Recite...Recite...Recite before the alphabet burns down.

and listen to the sounds of night.

carol anne seidelman





the earth,
its cruel face
swirling blue
and
green,
trying to catch its victims.
we, the outgrowth,
trying to catch
ourselves

julie raskin

there is blackness
and the senses numb
with the expression
of the
mind collapsing
with the
texture
of black lumps
protruding as
the body falls,
the finger
continues to
collide with the metal latch
until
the blackness collides
with
his
figure.

-- Jennifer Block

modern american poetry

"Oh to be seventeen years old
Once again," sang the red-haired man,
"and not know that poetry
Is ruled with the sceptre of the deaf,
the dumb, and the creepy!"
--Kenneth Koch, "Fresh Air"

During the past thirty years, American poetry has gone through several cycles of experimentation and development. From the early experimentalism of Gertrude Stein, Ezra Pound, and William Carlos Williams, through the theories of open field and lyric of Charles Olson, modern poetry continues to be widely read and discussed. The "romantic aestheticism" of Keats and Shelley--in which self-discovery occurred through the energy and validity of poetic insights and through the excitement generated by life--continues, but its attitude, expression, and poetic form have changed.

In "modern poetry" the poet is always present, either as a poetic "consciousness" or as the central figure of the poem, while in classical poetry his identification with the central dramatic interest is suggested by implication, by the quality of his concern, and by the sense of the exploration of irony through imagery. Modern poetry uses the poet, his life, friends, thoughts, and knowledge not only as a major poetic theme but also as a vehicle of universal expression through personal experience. Indeed, for poets so diverse as Robert Duncan and Robert Creeley, poetry is a way for the "poet as victim" to triumph over his opposition through a truthfulness to his sensibilities and an acceptance of his faults. For them, acknowledgement of their faults implies an acceptance and justification of them as part of the poet's natural character. This recognition and acceptance of fault is, therefore, a way for the poet, by realizing his limitations and flaws, to justify them and rise above them to create an almost mystical self-

transcendence in his poetry. For many modern poets this realization amounts to an awakening to brutality in life.

This awakening is an experience that overwhelms the lives and poetry of certain poets. The private humiliations, sufferings, and psychological vulnerabilities of "confessional" poets such as Sylvia Plath, John Berryman and Anne Sexton are brought so completely into their poetry that these pains cease to be poetic themes and become statements that are ends in themselves. Their poems are outcries of a pain that is just too strong. The breakdown of a poet like Anne Sexton heightened the sharpness and perceptivity of her writing into a clear line in which she attained an ultimately self-reducing lyric simplicity. The beauty of many poems in her first book, To Bedlam and Part Way Back, is shown in "Ringing the Bells":

And this is the way they ring
the bells in Bedlam
and this is the bell-lady
whocomes each Tuesday morning
to give us a music lesson
and because the attendents make you go
and because we mind be instinct,
like bees caught in the wrong hive,
we are the circle of the crazy ladies...

and this is the small hunched squirrel girl
on the other side of me
who picks at the hairs over her lip
who picks at the hairs over her lip all day...

The short phrase, the monosyllabic words and definite speech rhythms of the poem present a magnificent counterpoint to her madness and confinement in an asylum. The nursery-school rhythms of the poem allow the incongruity of the situation to continue without any interruption, while the simple and childish word repetition emphasizes the direct horror of an institution which mishandles its patients. This characteristic of Anne Sexton's work--the appropriate adaptation of word patterns and rhythms to situation--enables the poem to suggest not only the neglect of the mentally ill, but the unconscious brutality of people and institutions and the slow crushing of mind by world. The "ecstasy of horror" combined with the piercing clarity of image and

force of line make "Ringing the Bells" a strained and beautiful outcry from the madness of a poet burned in the self.

We poets have to talk in a language which is not English.-- It is the American idiom. Rhythmically it's organized as a sample of the American idiom. It has as much originality as jazz. If you say "2 partidges, 2 mallard ducks, a Dungeness crab"--if you treat that rhythmically, ignoring the practical sense, it forms a good pattern. It is, to my mind, poetry.

Paterson 1949

William Carlos Williams

Ten years ago, Charles Olson stated in his essay "Projective Verse" t h a t "language must be returned to its place in experience." To get away from the closed system of poetry in the 1950's Olson went back to the theories of primitive Mayan poetry which saw man as an object, a creature of nature equal to his environment, but not the controlling influence. Olson conceived of a poem as a THING, a kinetic structure of its own making which was a way of transferring energy from the poet to the reader. As Paul Valery said that lyric poetry was a form in which both the content and the form were realized simultaneously-- so Olson said modern poetry is 'open' in a form determined by, and originating from, the content of the poem. And that which "exists through itself" is the meaning.

These basic principles of Projective Verse were discussed by Olson in his essay and in his long work Mayan Letters, each of which stated that poems are made up of a series of perceptions followed by further perceptions. The form of the poem is "never more than an extension of content" and is not determined visually, but by the breath and the ear. The line and syllable are verse in that they originate from the breath. Line and syllable enable the poet, through his placement of phrase, space, and word to "register both the acquisitions of his ear and the pressure of his breath." That is, to set the poem on paper in a natural way that will show how the poem is meant to be read but also provide visual contrast to the reading. The typewriter is a great aid to a modern system of natural breath, for it can indicate spacings,



CYNDI BROWN

pauses, emphasis, and juxtapositions in the poem through the length of the line, the type, and the punctuation.

By 1960, with the publication of Donald Allen's THE NEW AMERICAN POETRY: 1945-1960, poetry could be divided into definite, though overlapping, groups or cliques that were both geographical and ideological. One group was the "New York poets" who were part of the painting movements that dominated the New York art world. Compared to the semi-isolated, intellectual, academic lives of poets such as Charles Olson, the lives of "New York poets" such as Kenneth Koch, John Ashberry, and the late Frank O'Hara were open and eclectic, but dependent on other cultural movements:

...Artists in any genre are of course drawn to the dominant art movement in any place where they live; in New York it is painting... considering the best American writing is French rather than English it's not surprising that New York poets play their own variations on how Apollinaire, Reverdy, Jacob, Eluard, Breton, took to the School of Paris. Americans are, really, mightily unFrench, and so criticism gets into it; John Ashberry, Barbara Guest, Frank O'Hara, myself, have been or are the poets regularly on the staff of ART NEWS. In New York the art world is a painter's world; writers and musicians are in the boat, but they don't steer....Of course the father of poetry is poetry, and everybody goes to concerts where there are any; but if you try to derive a strictly literary ancestry for New York, the main connection gets missed.

-James Schuyler (1959)

This orientation towards painting and active creative forms such as dance and theater produced a poetry that totally differed from Projective Verse. The influences of the surrealist poets and painters and of the Abstract Expressionist artists on the poetry of poets like John Ashberry caused it to be wittier, more self-mocking, and less self-concerned than that of formal poetic schools or the avant-garde Projectivists and Black Mountain College poets.

The attempts of the New York poets to parallel art move-

ments, their experiments with form and media, and their interest in Dada art and literature, all formed a poetry in which form was not only an "extension of content" (as Robert Creeley is quoted as saying in Charles Olson's "Projective Verse" essay) but in which both content and form were a direct result of something else. All poetry draws from life, but it was the New York poets of the 1950's who drew their "inspiration" from the revolutionary art which was being created, looked at, and criticized in New York. As James Schuyler said:

For instance, a long poem such as Frank O'Hara's "Second Avenue"; it's probably true to deduce that he'd read "The Centos" and Whitman (he had) also Breton, and looked at de Kooning's and Duchamp's great Dada installation at the Janis Gallery. Or to put it another way: Rose Selavy speaking out on Robert Motherwell's great Dada anthology has more to do with poetry written by the poets I know than the Empress of Tapisco, the White Goddess; the Tondolayo of the Doubleday Bookstore.

Kenneth Koch writes about Jane Freilicher and her paintings; Barbara Guest is a "collagiste" and exhibits; Frank O'Hara decided to be an artist when he saw Assyrian sculpture in Boston; John Ashberry tried to emulate Léger, and so on.

Today, the "New York poets" group of the nineteen-fifties has been absorbed into New York's literary-art "establishment"; but not without perpetuating their innovative traditions of art and criticism. Their successors are the artists, film-makers, and poets grouped together as "Lower East Side Poets" whose nucleus of activity centers around the Poetry Project at St. Mark's Church-in-the-Bowery. These poets, among them Ted Berrigan, Jonathan Cott, and Tom Clark, have become the nineteen-sixties' equivalent of the "New York poets."

They are heavily influenced by the romantic traditions of Ezra Pound, Gertrude Stein, and Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and by New York's innovative cinema, theater, and art. The

films of Garad Malanga, poem-plays of Ruth Krauss, happenings of Ruth Schneeman, paintings of Joe Brainard and George Schneeman, are all examples of other creative forms that affect their work. Like the older, established "New York poets" group, the writing of the Lower East Side poets is a close fusion of surrealism and the ridiculously funny, of spontaneity and control. An important young poet like Ted Berrigan may write:

I am in love with poetry. Every way I turn,
this, my weakness, smites me. A glass
of chocolate milk, head of lettuce, darkness
of clouds at one o'clock obsess me.
I weep for all of these or laugh.

Only this. My poems do contain
wilde beestes. I write for my Lady
of the Lake. My god is immense, and lonely
but uncowed. I trust my sanity, and I am proud. If
I sometimes grow weary, and seem still, nevertheless
my heart still loves, will break.

from "Words for Love"

He explores the literary contradictions that exist for a poet who is considered "young! experimental! new!" but to whom surrealistic techniques and absurd attitudes are expressions as valid as is the classicism of "Words for Love."

In Bean Spasms, a collaboration between Ted Berrigan and Ron Padgett, a poet from Tulsa, one of the sections of poems and stories is entitled "A Little Treasury of American Poetry,"

and it contains the poem:

A MEETING AT NIGHT

Seurat and Gris do meet
Walking down the street.
How do you do, Seurat,
Says Gris, and How do you do,
Says Seurat, too.

This poem, though only five lines long, is representative of most of the writing in Bean Spasms. It is absurdly written by two or more authors under a system of alternation of lines and previously determined rules of form, situation, or attitude for each poem. The loose spontaneous writing of the book, in conjunction with the "Nancy" cartoons and drawings done by Joe Brainard, exemplify an attitude towards poetry and poetics that is neither formal nor rigid, but an attempt by Ted Berrigan and Ron Padgett to experiment with perspective in art. Just as the unemotional and formalistic poetry of the fifties caused Charles Olson and the Black Mountain poets to return to primitive poetry and natural breath, so the wild surrealism and simplistic free form of Bean Spasms is an attempt to break away from the artificiality and contrived emotion of many poets in the sixties.

It wasn't a new thing, we didn't even invent the idea, and we didn't think we were being revolutionary. It was just what was happening and fact, still is.

--Ted Berrigan

Most of the poetry being written by young poets in America, regardless of individual style or specific intent, has one unifying theme: it is intended to be read aloud. At one time, most poetry was metrical--that is, poetry that had a definite two-stress system which could be scanned, and which was based on the counterpoint between the rhythm and the spoken poem. But modern American poetry is non-metrical, basing its rhythms on American speech, which has a four-stress rhythm with one basic stress in each measure or "speech phrase." Thus, the contrast in American poetry is between the written form of the poem, and the way that it is read aloud. Often, the way the line is set down is a guide to the reading. The form of a poem like "my daily



PAUL ABRAMS

melon" by G Bishop-Dubinsky is meant to be a guide to its reading.

very ripe today.
outside it looks like honeydew;inside.cantaloupe.
im not sure what kind it is.

i puff on a cigar...

the garden grows everyday.itgrows up and grows down.
it grows sideways too.

This poem is meant to be read exactly as it is on the page. All the lines in G Bishop Dubinsky's poems are end-stopped and extra spaces between words indicate pauses, as do spaces between the lines.

Then there are other poets, like Tom Clark, who dispense with punctuation altogether and depend on spacing, pauses, and the placement of words as a guide to reading:

Figure I.

Weakly cuddling the telephone as a last
Thought I call you to dispel the ghosts
I thought were in my head they are
In your voice when you answer
The signal takes so long to travel
You're speaking to me from three years ago

....
I rip the chocolate softly with ailing teeth
The nude shriek of an infant
Knowledge like a scoffing mandolin behind it
The talent to ignore is infinite into which
My body passes thoughtfully and apart
From the din of wishes whose gullets love slit
The beggar prince whose kids made your number wrong

In this poem the desire that it appear as a continuous series of thoughts results in the omission of punctuation and the long spacing in a line. The ambiguity of the

phrasing, caused by the lack of pauses, emphasizes the continuous, quiet desperation of the poet. The break-up of an unbroken poetic line forces the reader to arbitrarily decide phrasing and sequence when the poem is read either silently or aloud. The poem's distortion of natural speech patterns into a line that is visualized as extended, but that must be broken up by the reader, is a technical counterpart to intense, dramatic images ("Knowledge like a scoffing mandolin behind it") that blend into each other.

Modern American poetry is continuously experimenting with new forms and techniques. The concrete poets, Lower East Side poets, Projectivists, and the other poets who lack definite groupings, are reaching a varied and enthusiastic audience. The readiness of "middle-brow" magazines such as "The New Yorker," "The Hudson Review," and "The Kenyon Review" to print work by new and unknown poets; and the continued encouragement of magazines such as "Poetry" and "The Paris Review," insure that new work will be read. Young poets may also publish in the little magazines that have a circulation of about one thousand, and are poetic outlets for various groups. The best of these are Hanging Loose, NEW:American and Canadian Poetry, Kayak, mimeo, Mother, and Angel Hair.

In addition to numerous poetry magazines, most cities sponsor seminars and poetry groups in which poets can teach and read. The Judson Church and St. Mark's in-the-Bowery sponsor poetry projects and give readings; as do the Academy of American Poets and the Poetry Group at the 92nd Street Y in New York. Comparable institutions in other cities offer similar programs.

Young poets today, though isolated in their high schools and universities from working "poetic communities" of artists and writers, do have a chance to assimilate any poetic environment that exists in America. The growing interest and need of young people for poetry is an attempt to possess an art that is tangible yet malleable. Through their writing they seek to provide a solid base in their lines. As Robert Hass said in Paul Carroll's anthology, THE YOUNG AMERICAN POETS:

I like poems for the peace involved in reading and writing them. I began writing seriously when I found that I could write about myself, and the world that I knew, San Francisco and the country around it, in a fairly direct and simple way. For a long time I felt a compulsion to direct myself

to large issues, this was mainly due to the cant I acquired around universities about alienation. About the time that the Vietnam war broke out, it became clear to me that alienation was a state approaching to sanity, a way of being human in a monstrosly inhuman world, and that feeling human was a useful form of political subversion. So the exploration of where I am, in this place, in relation to that person--place and person both caught somewhere between the old movements of the unconscious, and the brutal, accidental collage of one's historical and geographic pressures in the world--and the writing about it, as carefully as possible, are a way of being for a while one thing; no personae, not middle-man or structured ambiguities, no talk about the Artist.

Susan Mernit



THE REVOLUTIONARY ISADORA

Isadora Duncan, in her free-flowing Grecian robes, was truly a revolutionary. This early twentieth-century dancer is famous not for her dance alone, but for her exuberance and her ability to shock the world. Fervently desirous of personal freedom, she wanted no one to control her. She believed deeply in the ideal of Greek democracy, in freedom for all men. In her dance, she broke with the rigid patterns of traditional ballet. She felt that dance was in need of a renaissance, and so went back to the Greeks, the earliest of dancers. She found them attractive in many ways; she loved their naturalness and was fascinated by their gods, whom she considered the first artists. Terpsichore, the Greek goddess of dance was one of the few idols Isadora had, and much of her dance was modeled after statues of Terpsichore. Greek architecture also inspired Isadora; she loved the huge and airy Parthenon, where free men had come to worship their gods.

Isadora's dancing was a rejoicing not only of the Greeks, but also of other peoples such as her Irish immigrant parents and the American Indians. She was American in her outlook: she wanted to see children, freed from the formality and stateliness of the waltz, leaping and bounding in the spirit of the American pioneers, dancing of justice, kindness, and "love inspired by the tenderness of our mothers." In conclusion to an essay about the importance of dance, she wrote, "When the American children dance in this way, it

will make of them Beautiful Beings worthy of the name of Democracy. That will be America dancing."

Isadora longed to start schools of her own. She valued technique, but considered dancing to be a free form of expression. "If a child is continually exposed to beautiful bodies in motion, he too will dance. The idea came to me that it might be possible to bring up young girls in such an atmosphere of beauty that, in setting continually before their eyes an ideal figure, their own bodies would grow to be the personification of this figure; and through continual emulation of it and by the perpetual practice of body movements, they would become perfect in form and gesture." She didn't want children to be affected by the adult world, and the exercises she taught them were either for muscle control or limbering their joints. Often, she had children improvise to music and dance any way they pleased. Youth was sacred to Isadora; she wanted a child's dancing to bring out the purity



of life and leave all affectations behind. In her dance as well as in her turbulent and passionate spirit, she had some of the qualities of a child herself.

Isadora was a real curiosity to the world. She wasn't just a dancer; she was a celebrity. She had homes in America, England, France, Italy, Germany, Greece. Since she received little or no support from some of these countries, she moved to the Soviet Union where at first she received government assistance. There she started some of her own schools. She tried very hard to transform neglected, scrawny, and ignorant children into "beautiful beings," and succeeded despite a lack of funds, facilities, and public interest.

Soviet artists took an interest in Isadora. Whether or not they liked her, they admired her. Pavlova, considered by many to be the greatest ballerina of the time, was intrigued by this strange Isadora Duncan: Isadora, in turn, was quite complimented by the ballerina's attention.

Most people who knew Isadora liked her, but they were not sure why. She was extraordinarily special. Her genius lay as much in her outlook as it did in her dance. Everything she did was for a purpose, and the purpose was most often freedom---whether she was stripping off her robes during a performance, criticizing the Soviet government at the top of her lungs in the heart of Moscow, or cursing an established organization that was stunting creativity.

But Isadora's life, although exciting, was also tragic. She was frequently bankrupt, she indulged in wild affairs, and she was in and out of jail. She drank very heavily and was never capable of having a lasting relationship. She was rarely close to anyone, and her sensitivity made this shortcoming a painful one. Her life was never secure, but rather subject to chance. Most of all, she was often in torment because she and her art were not accepted.

Isadora Duncan greatly altered the course of dance. She was the earliest of modern dancers; and one of the first to make of dance a means of personal expression. Her revolutionary spirit and her pioneering vitality were cherished by her friends. Her unique lifestyle carved a place for her as one of the heroines of twentieth-century dance.

Sara Binder

Kent Falls

I

Sun, warmth, heat
Pressing down on me
I lie deep in the grass
Its softness cushioning
Me from the hard ground.

II

A quiet roar
Hushed but unceasing
Cascades of water
Rushing, falling
The roar grows louder
White foam hurtling past
Crashes down to the
Flowing stream
The water
Erupts
Continues its
Flow to lower ground
Bubbling and hissing
At rocks and stones in its path.

Carol Miller

Mutability

Under this tree which has seen many years,
Survived its long battles against age and snow,
Never, in weakness, succumbed to its fears,
Or fallen, defeated, by time's many blows,
I sit.

I fear to let go of the branch that I hold,
The contact will break, the scene will dissolve,
And things will return to their bleakness and cold
Again, and too soon will the seasons revolve
And die.

For nothing is sacred and nothing remains,
But changed by the year, by the month, by the day,
To jump on the chariot of time, seize the reins...ah..
To stop change before you, yourself fall away
To dust.

But change can't be stopped, it's beyond man's small powers,
In memories alone can one save what has passed,
And just as the petals must fall from each flower,
The history of man ends, he cannot last
Forever.

Jon Greenblatt

Summer's left

it's been a long time

since

barefooted children

and

greasy noses

but who cares

for once again autumn will yield to winter

and spring to summer in turn

will come and be gone in turn

each in turn

leaving behind evidence

of its turn.

Laura Kaufman



lacquer black

for J.

the steel spring without me implodes
 water grows smaller
 crystal fries
Open your arms and welcome rain into
 this sodden heat, I say.
 the curling of leaves under light

Fire's the promise you adore
and close hot singing eyes this day.
 reflection is orange
 and crystal the glass
whose bubble and hiss chisel flowers from stone.

Cinder powder ash the chant
 night is grey and noise a buzz
fire starlight darkened sky
 desperation is too much each time to
 permit the stretch and pine of words
that follows each leaving, everyday.

lyric is gone from this noise
 so-tight speech is ending soon
Walking on water is a way
 to choose

strike the coils of the flame/
 tread deeply on wet ground

Susan Mernit

LEADING THE BLIND

On the night side of this mysterious, green-blue planet the Oulm ship descended slowly. It glided gently through the ether until it was only several miles above the surface. It then began orbiting with a speed equal to the planet's rotation velocity, so that it remained suspended, though in motion.

By the reflected light of the planet's single satellite, the crew saw below them the dark blue glint of the unnamed ocean that was their destination. How beautiful was the sea to these space-weary adventurers. It gleamed to them and they smiled back.

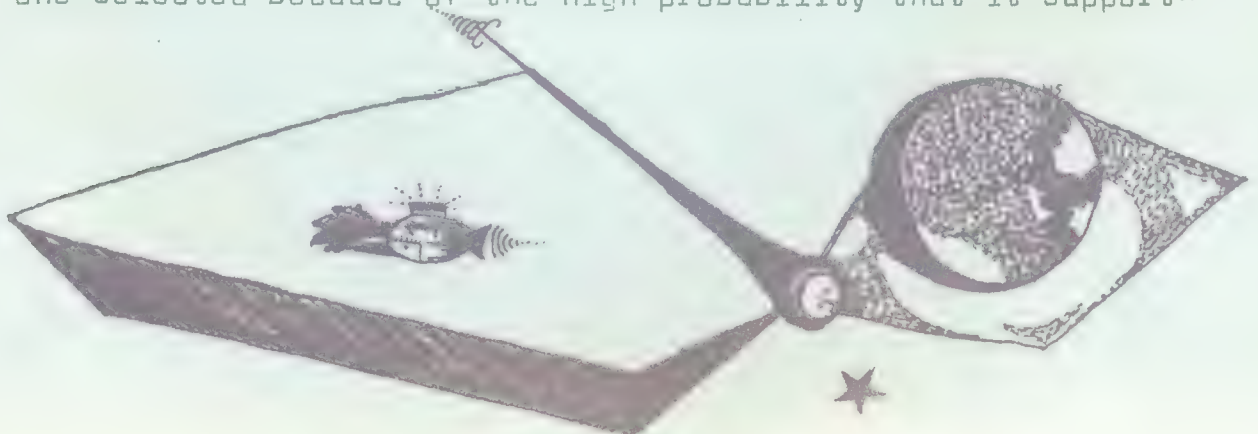
"How like our own home." Kern thought as he looked down at the water. He forced himself to turn from the view and swam the length of the ship to the directional control. "Has all the equipment been checked in the final tests?" he asked his navigator, Porhl.

"Yes, Captain."

The ship was ready now; at his signal it would fall the last remaining miles of its four trillion mile trip and make contact with this alien sea.

"Activate the ethereal descension unit. Sixteen thousand feet powered fall. Now." A low hum penetrated the ship as the liquid atmosphere vibrated in deceleration. The muscles all strained to compensate for the extreme pressure, and the minds strained to realize, to comprehend in full, what was happening.

In sixty seconds an Oulm space vehicle would enter the sea of an alien planet. A planet beyond their Sun System, one selected because of the high probability that it support-





ed life, possibly even of an intelligent nature.

"And what could that life look like?" Kern wondered. Could the creatures that inhabited this planet look anything like his crew and himself? Surely they must have gills to breathe and fins to propel themselves.

Thirty seconds now.

"Check all hatches; repair detail, stand by" Kern swam over to the landing suspension and secured his tail behind him in preparation for the shock.

The ship struck the water at an odd angle, causing a spray of liquid in all directions. It then turned slowly, until the point of its pencil-like frame was beneath the surface. Suddenly a blast of orange flame cut the air, and the ship was gone.

Shouts of joy swept the ship as the view turned from dark to darker green, while Kern, at home in the atmosphere, brought the ship down to two thousand feet.

"This is it," he thought, "The dreams Oulem had been dreaming for eons. The dreams that had caused them to question the lighter waters above their homes, to explore the deadly dry places, and to look above these to the place that might hold other worlds with other seas."

The crew unstrapped themselves, and now the real work began.

"Have you taken a temperature reading, Relm?" Kern asked.

"Thirty-two degrees, sir. Fifty-one points above normal. Incapable of supporting intelligent life, sir."

"Let's not jump to conclusions," he told Relm. "This alien

life may be like nothing you've ever dreamed of. Turn on the emergency illuminators."

For a brief second the crew was blinded, as two powerful floodlights lit up the ocean before them.

And several more seconds before they could speak the wonderment that they felt.

Before them, in hundreds of varieties of size and shape, was the, undoubtedly, uncountable sum of the life supported by this planet. "And each creature," Kern thought happily, "belonging to a species totally unknown in Oulm."

These creatures, although they had all the essentials needed for life--gills, fins, tails--were in no other way similar to even the lower forms of life on Oulm. Absurdly, there was distinct separation between the head and body. And although gills were present, they were not found on the tiny heads, but, for some unimaginable reason, beneath the fins.

"Is it possible that they are intelligent, sir?" he was asked.

"I doubt it," Kern responded. "They seem to be wondering mindlessly." He paused. "We'll take a few samples here and then go lower. Chances are that if there are no currents the temperature will drop below..."

For an hour the crew worked while Kern studied the results. Using his knowledge of biology and exercising the great Oulm



brain to the fullest, he charted the planet's evolutionary chain from the micro-organisms they had discovered up to the gilled creatures. But why had evolution stopped at this point? Why had intelligent life not followed? Was it possible that they had arrived before the process could be completed?

"Unlikely, considering the age of this planet," Kern thought. "But what then?"

Kern dropped the ship down another thousand feet and switched on the illuminators. To his disappointment, but as he had expected, the light showed only more of the same creatures, larger perhaps.

He was suddenly distracted from the problem by a call from the chemical department. He swam down and was welcomed by an excited lab.

"Captain, we've discovered something in the rock samples. A metal fragment..." He tossed it to Kern. "You can distinctly see the markings of some sort of language on it. It proves the existence, past or present, of an intelligent race."

Kern examined the markings: thin lines, straight and curved, arranged into various symbols.

"Another thing," the chemist said. "This metal has some strange properties. It is obviously synthetic, but it could not have been produced in this liquid atmosphere."

"Here now," Kern thought, "is the answer to the evolution problem. Suppose," he considered, "that evolution on this planet had developed a form of animal that did not need to breathe a liquid atmosphere. Somehow these creatures could extract oxygen from a gaseous mixture. Possibly, they did not even breathe oxygen, but carbon dioxide, as with forms of Oulm life."

"Further suppose," he thought, "that these gas-

breathing creatures had developed a technology so advanced as to be able to produce synthetic metals such as had been discovered. Both puzzles, there, are solved."

Immediately Kern began a search of the sea caverns and caves and the crevices at the ocean floor---all places where a gas atmosphere might exist. All possibilities were carefully searched and researched in the four day investigation. But no sign of the gas-breathing creatures was found. Running dangerously low on supplies and water, Kern was forced to begin the ship's long journey home.

As he steered the ship toward the surface, Kern felt his disappointment grow, but he knew that it was unwarranted. He had pioneered a new planet and had discovered new wonders of life. To find intelligent life, companions in this infinite universe, at the first attempt, would be too much to expect.

The ship of Oulm's First Interplanetary Expedition peeked above the surface and bobbed among the waves. Then, once again, the orange flame split from the ship and it was gone.

In orbit once again, Kern began to set the ship's course for Oulm, blind to the passing of the metal cities below.

Jon Greenblatt



if we could not find some way to love
and not disturb the pond that flinches
at the slightest kiss

this morning was a bright one, when the
sun after the week of rain crept
and wound its way through the blinds
to my left eye
and I snuffed out the night candles
and slept till noon

then my new pewter ring slipped into the stream
that I chased to the mill
and there was Wyeth sitting and painting a young
woman curled up in the field of unmowed grass
and I sat and watched below him

and sheep and glasses glinted in the sunlight;
but where were you
and would you have ruined it; with your
polished lips

-- d.s. perkins



Bill Hurst



Bobby Stevens





Photograph by Danny Matthow

Ex Libris Bulovae

Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high;
Where the knowledge is free;
Where the world has not been broken up into fragments by narrow
domestic walls;
Where the words come from the depth of truth;
Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection;
Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the
dreary desert sand of dead habit;
Where the mind is led forward by thee into ever-widening thought
and action--
Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake.

Gitanjali by Rabindranath Tagore

One of the greatest feelings man
is capable of is the feeling of the com-
munion of all men, the feeling that you
are part of the eternal continuity of
mankind, that you are one with those who
have lived before you and with those
that will ever walk the face of the earth.

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THE DEAR FACES

The dear faces are before me,
those bodies I have seen walking beside me
on the stubble and grass, their feet and voices
sounding as alive.

Those bodies that once warmed me when our faces
met in gaze are now seen as cold.
Where the coarse lips that moved in beauty
are now coarse as before, they
are stilled and would not change
to move the space left by my passing.
The eyes that once sought me with a turning
of the head rest straight in their direction
though the eyes are colored and have not changed in
their expression except to die,
and reduce themselves to a smile.

But it is the eyes that chill, for they move
as before, giving face to faces
that are dead as one might hear a known voice utter
words belonging to the summer, promising
with voices that may not speak,
for the time to wonder, to remember and to
think: it has not yet come.

Susan Mernit









David Jaffee

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